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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The debate on Woman's Suffrage between the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary was very stately. It was politics on a lofty plane, with something about it to recall great speeches, "old far-off forgotten things", in the House of Commons. The arguments were carried on without passion but with high earnestness; and both speakers gave of about their best intellectually.

Unfortunately one cannot see that it bore much relation to the woman suffrage question of the moment; to the cries and spasms of the thing which is going on in real life outside. However this movement is to end, it is not going to be decided, we fear, by high intellectual argument. Still, the Government can be congratulated on putting up quite a classic performance in the House of Commons.

There was a fine old-fashioned flavour about some of the Prime Minister's sentiments. For instance "If I may put in one sentence what seems to me to be the gist and core of the real question the House has to answer to-night, it is this—would our political fabric be strengthened; would our legislation be more respected; would our standard of manners—and in manners I include the old-fashioned virtues of chivalry, courtesy, and the reciprocal dependence and reliance of the two sexes—would that standard be raised and refined if women were politically enfranchised?"

No doubt this is almost enough to make advanced Radicals, Labour members and Nationalists tear out their hair. It would have been bad enough to them to hear some old Tory utter such sentiments about "standards of manners" and "political fabrics",

which, far from wishing to strengthen, they wish to pull down; imagine the effect on them when their leader speaks thus! O for an hour of Limehouse!

Mr. Walter Long made a very good speech, and we think the "Times" and other papers might have found space to print it verbatim. It was generous and it was manly, and all Liberals of position and judgment ought, we should think, to be grateful to Mr. Long for the way in which he referred to the Prime Minister. As Mr. Long said, the country has not been consulted on the Bill: who doubts that, if to-day it were consulted, the Bill would be utterly condemned?

There was something surely half suggestive of a bull in the speech of Mr. Goulding in support of the Bill. He said he would have preferred a smaller Bill but should vote for this one in hopes that by and by it might be moderated. Is it not somewhat as if a man wished to marry a small woman; but, not being able to secure her, took instead a very large one—in hopes that by and by she might be lessened? But neither the stature of women nor the stature of Bills tends to moderate as time goes on. It is the other way.

Mr. Goulding rightly reminded the House of the brutal conduct of many of the 1832 Reform Bill agitators. Even at this day one grows hot at the thought of how the riff-raff treated the Duke of Wellington. They Limehoused him in the streets and we were reading only the other day a very interesting account of how, pursued by their howls and threats, the Duke rode calmly down Fleet Street for some time defended, virtually, by only one old soldier and a plucky man in a gig who served to keep off the mob somewhat. The Duke was one of the supreme Englishmen and patriots of his century. He had saved not England only but Europe—and this was his reward from the mob.

But he was not in the least disturbed or cowed, and went on his way and about his business with scorn for their baseness. And, later, we all know how he took his revenge. When another mob—probably containing many of those who had howled at and threatened him—marched at his heels cheering, the Duke gave no sign

till he reached Apsley House. Then, just before he entered the gates, he turned on the mob and pointed to the iron shutters which their threats in the past had made necessary.

One of the best speeches by a private member in the debate was Mr. Cecil Beck's against the Bill. It was marked by fact and true common sense all through, and it was not defaced by the jocosity about the hardships of husbands and the like which really has been done to death. There should be a close time for even the worst jokes. Mr. Beck said truly that there is no sign that women as a class demand or want the vote. No doubt there is a considerable body of women, many of them earnest and intelligent, strongly in favour of the movement. But the majority are cold towards it; and there is a growing body of earnest and intelligent women set against it.

The Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment and Scottish Temperance Bills were on Wednesday presented by the Government and read a first time in less than sixty Parliamentary seconds. These Bills will be debated at second reading without a guillotine; but there will be no formal debate in Committee. Effective debate in Committee is, of course, impossible under the Parliament Act. The object of debating a bill in Committee is to amend it. But under the Parliament Act a Bill which has been amended is no longer the same Bill. If the Home Rule Bill were debated in Committee and amended it would become a new Bill, and would go up to the House of Lords to be rejected, not for the second but for the first time. Naturally Mr. Asquith is not going to risk having his Bill amended, and thus destroyed. It would, as he tells us, be "waste of time to have a Committee stage in the ordinary sense of the term".

But there is a sly device of the Parliament Act which enables the Government to make amendments that are not amendments. These amendments are called "suggestions". Though there is to be no formal Committee stage, there is to be an opportunity somewhere between second and third reading of making suggestions for the Bill's improvement. These suggestions, if the House adopts them, will be tacked on to the Bill, and sent up to the Lords. If the Lords like them, they will put them into the Bill on the understanding that the Bill is the same Bill which they rejected last session. Mr. Asquith will not yet say what facilities he intends to give for the proposal and discussion of suggestions; but "suggestions" are apparently to be allowed. They will amend the Bill without being a part of the Bill.

We fail to follow the "Westminster Gazette" when it tells us (Saturday, 3 May) that under the Plural Voting Bill the jury will not be packed at all—that it is to remain exactly as it was with this difference: under its provisions each juryman will have only one vote. The "Westminster Gazette" cannot surely mean that under its provisions every Irish Nationalist juryman will have but one vote, for the over-representation of Ireland in the House of Commons is really past all dispute. The figures are, the figures stand, as Lord Morley might say; and indeed the Government admits them; it says that presently, when Home Rule has been carried—not before—there are to be fewer Irish M.P.s in the House of Commons.

Will the "Westminster Gazette" please clear up this point; for we are quite willing to apologise, if shown to be wrong in approving of Mr. Bonar Law's saying that the Government are anxious "to pack the jury before they go to trial". At the same time we fancy we know what was in the "Westminster Gazette's" mind when it wrote the note in question: we have an idea it meant that in future the *Tory jurymen* must have only one vote apiece.

The "New English Dictionary" has not yet reached the word "speculation"; but no doubt the editors are

studying the curious discussion which is still raging as to whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer "invested" or "speculated" in Marconis. Dr. Murray says "investment" is "distinguished from speculation in which the object is the chance of reaping a rapid advantage by a sudden rise in the market price of something which is bought merely in order to be held till it can be thus advantageously sold again". He also quotes from an 1804 source, "Before the investment could be made, a change in the market might render it ineligible"—which also seems relevant. Mr. Garvin's articles in the "Pall Mall Gazette" this week on this Marconi affair are scorching and the interest in the matter has revived somewhat. The Government Press is uneasy and irritable about it.

The Wireless Committee, dropping Mr. Maxse, called for Mr. Marconi. Mr. Marconi went carefully through the story of his contract with the Government. Incidentally he cleared himself very emphatically of having speculated. Mr. Marconi has never speculated in any shares of any one of his companies. He has taken shares when he wanted to invest, and sold shares when he wanted ready money. He neither bought nor sold shares during the boom. He has had no part in any syndicate. He has not in any way been responsible for fluctuations in the market price.

The position of Mr. Marconi in this affair is hard. His name has very legibly come to be mixed up in all sorts of things for which personally he is not necessarily responsible. "I cannot go out into the streets", he told the Committee on Wednesday, "without seeing my name on the placards—Marconi scandal, Marconi manners, Marconi scene. I strongly object to my name being made a byword . . . when it is not suggested that I am in any way concerned".

Mr. W. Moore M.P., we find, has "scored" neatly at the cost of the people who spout liberty on the Radical benches but propose to coerce Ulster. Mr. D. M. Mason M.P. asked him lately to sign the Montenegro Memorial to Mr. Asquith. Mr. Moore at once obliged, only in doing so he crossed out "Montenegro" and substituted "Loyal Ulster".

As finally amended by Mr. Moore, the Montenegro Memorial reads: "We, the undersigned, desire to bring to your notice the following considerations in favour of the claims of loyal Ulster: (1) The fact that the enemies against which Ulster is contending are still the disloyal Powers in Ireland; (2) the certainty that only by having regard to the just aspirations of the loyal Ulster people will permanent peace be achieved in these regions; (3) the fact that loyal Ulster has maintained her faith and her freedom for over 400 years against tremendous odds, and is, therefore, likely to confer these same benefits upon any town or country which is under her sway; (4) the advisability, in view of the foregoing considerations, of his Majesty's Government taking no further part in the demonstration against loyal Ulster merely to purchase continuance in office at the expense of their Irish fellow-citizens." Mr. D. M. Mason M.P. has not yet replied.

Montenegro has realised that Europe meant business and the Scutari trouble is over. The old King himself has decided to give way and to abandon the ambitions of fifty years, though his Cabinet and his heir were against him. It is thought that Montenegro will claim compensation. Something should be done for Montenegro or Europe will have difficulties hereafter. King Nicholas has kept his turbulent people quiet throughout his life. Now he has failed diplomatically and has done but poorly in the field. The dynasty will scarcely survive without help.

The Powers have learnt something in the last few weeks and are preparing to end the war. The Conference is busy with the draft treaty of peace—work which should have been undertaken last December. Turkey is now ready to sign

anything, Serbia and Montenegro have been dealt with, and Bulgaria has got what she wants. But Greece is making trouble. Her signature is something to bargain with, and before she gives it she wants to know how the Powers propose to treat her in the matter of the *Ægean* Islands and the Albanian frontier. In the end Europe will have to divide the spoils as well as define them. Salonica is the chief difficulty. Under good government it will become the chief port in the *Ægean*. Neither Italy, with some thousands of her citizens in the town, nor Britain with her trade can be indifferent to its future. Nothing further has been settled about Albania, where Essad Pasha has still to be met.

Some of the papers have lost their heads—if not their posters—badly during the various crises. One or two of the “foreign experts” have cried havoc almost every other day and got ready to let loose their articles of war. Others, it is only fair to say, have held in leash the gnawing demons of sensationalism: notably the “Times”, the “Standard” and the “Westminster Gazette” have been sane throughout.

King Alfonso is visiting Paris in accordance with a promise made as soon as France and Spain settled their bargain over Morocco. The visit is of political importance. It implies both that Franco-Spanish relations have ceased to be strained, and that the Spanish monarchy still survives the Republican movement and the murder of its ablest statesmen. The Spanish agitators made some attempt to carry their propaganda into the Paris streets, but the police had no difficulty in dealing with them. There is talk now of a formal treaty of alliance between Spain and France. The basis of it all is that Spanish interests on the further side of the Mediterranean have been much extended by the Moorish settlement and that Spanish naval and military policy is now being re-shaped to meet the new commitments.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's logic is as defective as his strategy. He tells a Toronto audience that his country is wherever the British flag flies. Obviously, if that is so, his country is best protected by a navy whose concentration would make for efficiency either in attack or defence. Yet he is prepared to fight by every means in his power the proposal to hand over the Canadian Dreadnoughts to Imperial control. He wants to have them in Canadian waters under the orders of the Canadian Government. He says that neither Australia nor Canada lives now in security: “the British fleet is too far away”. Does he imagine that either would be secure if it had two or three or half a dozen Dreadnoughts on its coast? If the main British fleet suffered reverse an odd Dreadnought or two in Colonial waters would not save the Dominion or the Commonwealth.

Free-speaking in Trafalgar Square on Sunday turned to free-fighting. The police interfered while there was yet time, and cleared the Square as gingerly as they could; but not as gingerly as Mr. Wedgwood required. Mr. Wedgwood in the House on Monday wanted to know why sober citizens had been so persuasively dispersed from a sober meeting. Mr. Wedgwood's idea of a sober meeting calls to mind Clarinda's idea of sober living—Vanbrugh's Clarinda: “I would entertain myself in observing the new fashions soberly, I would please myself in new clothes soberly, I would divert myself with agreeable friends at home and abroad soberly. I would play at quadrille soberly, I would go to court soberly, I would go to some plays soberly, I would go to operas soberly, and I think I could go once, or, if I liked my company, twice to a masquerade soberly”.

Mrs. Drummond and her corps de ballet are unable to come into court gravely. It appeared by their smiling that they were unable to take their position seriously on Monday. Mr. Bodkin and Mr. Curtis Bennett had several times to appeal against forced laughter of the

defendants. “General” Drummond pleaded a sense of humour. Her sense of humour showed particularly clear in a peal of merriment at the idea of simultaneously poisoning the skins and noses of all the playgoers in all the theatres of London. Another perfectly irresistible joke of the suffragettes was the idea of doing £20,000 worth of damage at a London dockyard. Even better—because they actually came off—were the jokes of having broken eight hundred plate-glass windows, and having burned 8400 letters.

During the last few days we might have expected the malignants to do their worst. Their leaders arrested, their newspaper suspended, their Bill defeated—all this crowded within a single week would naturally provoke them to the last resort. But the attempt on S. Paul's almost surpasses belief. This mysterious affair has yet to be sifted. It seems incredible that, after every difficulty had been overcome, the wretch who put the mechanism in place did not know how it worked. “Those who set themselves to do the Devil's work often cannot do that right.”

Lord Roberts is raising the country. His reception in Glasgow—more especially by the young men to whom politics matter very little—points to a time when this question of National Service will be ministering to candidates in constituencies where Mr. Lloyd George's land programme lies howling. The Government will in the long run only damage itself by refusing to treat this as an issue independent of party. Why does it not accept Lord Curzon's invitation frankly, as it is offered? The Government knows it has failed; but refuses the remedy. Lord Roberts has this week called to the Government again. He has been blessed in his mission by the Radical newspaper of Glasgow as an “honest soldier”. Lord Roberts is no longer cried down as the maker of mischief between nations. It is now perceived his cause is too serious to be thus put away.

Lord Roberts' persuasion turns upon two or three cardinal points—that without discipline the bravest and best men cannot successfully meet an enemy; that we must have an armed force for home defence independent of the Regular Army; that talk of our strength by sea is (even on the confession of our admirals) impertinent when we are talking of our strength by land. Lord Roberts on Wednesday told again the story of his Afghan campaign, as an illustration in the value of discipline. There were in Afghanistan six thousand trained men who never doubted they would pull through against the opposing horde. Such conviction came of discipline alone—belief in themselves, their comrades, their officers, and their ability to answer every call as it came.

The Barristers' Benevolent Association has been fortunately able to do a really benevolent act to Sir Rufus Isaacs. He was presiding as Attorney-General at the annual meeting, and Sir Edward Clarke and some other personages congratulated Sir Rufus on his happy issue so far from his Marconi troubles. Sir Rufus told the meeting that he had a great deal more “lying dormant” in vindication of himself than he has yet been able to say. He would have liked to unbosom then and there, but must wait. Being innocent in one's own consciousness is a great deal, but we like to know that our profession thinks no worse of us; and Sir Rufus must be pleased with his chairmanship of the Barristers' Benevolent.

It is very unusual for a Court to order that all the costs of an action between private parties should be paid by the Treasury. The House of Lords did this in Mrs. Scott's appeal case because it took a shape more of a public than of a private character. Mrs. Scott won her point that she was not guilty of contempt of court in publishing an account of her trial, which had been held in camera, to two or three friends after the trial was

over. Beyond that she was not interested. The other matters, which took four days of argument, and then engaged the Lords two months before they could give judgment, were in a sense extraneous to the parties, and it would have been unfair to saddle them with the costs.

The most surprising thing about the decision is that the Divorce Court cannot hear any sort of case in secret, in camera. For years the Court acted as if it could. Now the Lords decide that neither it nor any other Court can exclude the public from hearing any kind of case. It could not be contempt of Court for Mrs. Scott to publish her report; and the Judge had no right to exclude reporters nor prevent newspapers from reporting what they liked. This is pretty startling after so much has been said about the reporting of ordinary divorce cases. But further, the Court of Appeal had decided that it could not review the Judge's decision that Mrs. Scott had committed contempt of Court. It was a criminal matter, the Court said, and could not be appealed. Now the House of Lords settles that it is not a criminal matter, and can be appealed.

Sir Edward Poynter, at the Academy Dinner last Saturday, coupled the toast of "Literature" with the name of Canon Hannay, who needs re-introduction as "George Birmingham". Canon Hannay has written and published sermons which do not sell; Mr. Birmingham has written and published novels which sell by thousands, and has written also a successful play which is still running and will appear as a novel hereafter. Such a position entitled him, in his opinion, to sneer at critics, who told the public that the books they read were never literature, and that only plays which no one went to see could be classed as drama. The sight of a popular writer mocking critics is always distressing.

When Canon Hannay, however, proceeded to compare religion and literature—his proper profession and his pseudo-profession—he certainly hit on some neat phrases. Both, he said, were being perpetually vexed by the kind of people "who would invent cults and talk cants"; whereas both were great simple things, immensely difficult for anyone to achieve. In fact, the Canon very nearly gave the Academic banqueters a sermon; he at least suggested one which might well be taken to heart by the Royal Academicians. There were of course guests present. Lord Morley, perhaps, hardly needs literary direction from "George Birmingham"; but Canon Hannay preaching, across the walnuts and the wine, against cults and cant to Mr. Churchill and Colonel Seely, must have been as good as a play.

As we expected, the controversy between Mr. Justice Darling and Mr. W. S. Lilly over Benvenuto Cellini has widened out. So far, besides the opener and opposer of the debate, Sir Frederick Pollock and "Münchhausen" have entered the lists. Münchhausen raises the preliminary objection that very likely Benvenuto's wonderful shot was never fired, as Benvenuto was such a notorious liar—of the Renaissance type—and so perhaps the absolution was as mythical. Sir Frederick Pollock varies the description by mentioning that Benvenuto was a Renommist—which is an erudite term for a swaggering liar and bully.

The "Times" rather prematurely assumed that Mr. Justice Darling had been convinced by Mr. W. S. Lilly's letters and summed up, speaking of his graceful withdrawal of the imputations. Mr. Justice Darling's delicate irony had been rather misunderstood, as the Judge quickly explained. It is not the habit of such dexterous controversialists componere tantas lites, so readily. As far as we make out at present, Mr. Lilly, Sir Frederick Pollock, and "Münchhausen" hold that it was a common Middle Age procedure to grant a formal pardon for homicide in war—with no taint of murder; and as to the second case of Pompeio, a murder according to our ideas, Paul III. merely granted to Benvenuto a safe conduct as a temporal ruler, and not an absolution as a spiritual director.

VOTES AND SUFFRAGETTES.

IT is not an easy—it is not even quite a safe—thing for a Unionist to fight the militant Suffragettes, for he can never tell, in the midst of an engagement, he may find himself at any moment set upon by the knight-errants of his own household. The debate on Mr. Dickinson's Bill showed this very well. Near its close Mr. F. E. Smith put with force and truth what should be an overwhelming argument against the Bill with every Unionist now. He said that the country had given no mandate whatever for the Bill, and therefore the House of Commons had no right to force it into law. How could he believe in and use this argument against the Home Rule Bill and yet not believe in and use it when the question of women's votes came up? He could not, of course, and should not; and none of us can who values consistency. The country has not been asked about the Bill, and the country is dead against the Bill. But at this point a very good and powerful Unionist indeed sets on Mr. F. E. Smith with whips and scorpions. Apparently Lord Hugh Cecil would hale off Mr. Smith to the nearest "lunatic asylum" for saying what every Unionist knows, what every Unionist has been insisting since the Government brought in its Home Rule Bill. It is amazing! All we can say is that Mr. F. E. Smith, if he were to be sent off to Lord Hugh's asylum, would not go alone. He would take with him the rest of the Front Opposition bench; and probably the bulk of the rank and file—till in the end Lord Hugh might find himself carrying on the whole work of Opposition in the company of Mr. Goulding and a few other knight-errants.

Mr. Goulding indeed seems in this matter to be quite as fond of quixotic knight-errantry as Lord Hugh Cecil. He begs the House of Commons not to mix up the question of votes for women with the question of the militant Suffragettes! Now this is amazing as Lord Hugh's line. If there are two things which cannot be disentangled just now, they are votes and Suffragettes. The militant Suffragettes are much too bold and thoroughgoing to wish to disentangle them; and in truth the women, to do them justice, are much more consistent and logical in their attitude and argument than most of their knights. Take the case of Mr. Wedgwood, Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Lansbury, who went a week ago to Trafalgar Square to vindicate the right of free speech and liberty. It is a temptation to Unionists to give a little interested support to rebels in the opposite camp: the temptation is constant in party politics, and both sides give way to it from time to time, naturally enough. But Unionists have done well in this instance to resist the temptation. For one thing, the spectacle of this trio raising the banner of free speech is really a little too much for any Unionist to stomach. Mr. Wedgwood and Mr. Keir Hardie are members of Parliament, whilst till quite lately Mr. George Lansbury was one—so we can test the sincerity of their demand for free speech. We have not looked back to the division lists of the House of Commons when Mr. Lansbury was still an M.P.; but unless we are much mistaken he, as well as Mr. Wedgwood and Mr. Keir Hardie, pretty consistently voted (1) for the gag and guillotine in the House of Commons and (2) for the Home Rule Bill. Now it is obviously impossible to honour free speech and to vote for the gag in order that your opponents may be prevented from speaking.

We dare say there are casuists or unconscious hypocrites who would argue that they vote for the gag and guillotine which stops free speech really because they wish to see the mass of the people more free! Casuistry and unconscious hypocrisy are capable of any subtlety—or absurdity—of the kind. But we need not waste a moment in arguing with them. The plain truth, the only truth is that the gag and guillotine, whenever and for whatever object used, are utterly opposed to the principle of free speech. They are as much opposed to it as the knout.

The second count against Mr. Wedgwood M.P., Mr. Keir Hardie M.P. and Mr. George Lansbury is still

worse: they voted—and doubtless directly they get the chance they will vote again—for the Bill which is to put upwards of a million protesting Ulstermen under their traditional enemies—the Irish Nationalists.

And this is the sweet trio that ventures to go to Trafalgar Square and proclaim the cause of Liberty and Free Speech!

It is perhaps quite natural that people so muddled should confound the attitude of the North of Ireland with their own—the attitude of Ulster and the attitude of hysteria! Thus when disorderly people are prevented from making speeches in spots where, for the public safety and convenience, no one is allowed to make speeches; and when those they agree with are punished for acts of mad violence, for burning houses, and destroying golf greens, and smashing windows, and pouring boot-blackening into the pillar-boxes and so forth—their cry is that it is grossly unfair of the authorities to impede and punish them and let Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Bonar Law and the Irish Unionists go scot-free!

What can you do with people so confused and whimsical as this? Mr. McKenna has been ineffectual so far; but it must in common fairness be admitted that he has to deal with a very difficult class—as well as having to deal with a Cabinet which does not know its own mind for the simple reason that—as the debate this week showed once more—it has no mind in the matter.

There is of course no relation whatever between what Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Bonar Law have said and what the militant Suffragettes are doing: it needs only the most modest political intelligence to distinguish between these things. If Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Bonar Law and the Ulster Unionists were to go about doing, or inciting, such acts, the authorities would have no choice but to arrest and punish them. The Unionist leaders and the Ulster leaders have never preached or incited acts of violence to property and life. What they have done has been this, and this only: first, they have warned the Government that if it persists in brutally forcing Ulster out of the Act of Union, and putting Ulster at the bidding of the Irish Nationalists, there is quite sure to be resistance in the North of Ireland and that blood will be spilt; secondly, they have said that, in such an event, they will feel bound to stand by Ulster.

That, as everybody who follows politics at all seriously knows, has been and is the line of the Unionist and Ulster leaders. What likeness does it bear to acts of disorder, law-breaking and law-defying? It bears absolutely none. The thing can be grasped by a child.

As to the relevance between the question of the women's vote and the question of the women rioters, nothing in the world could be much more relevant. Why, everybody knows that it is the militant Suffragette, and the militant Suffragette only, who has brought the whole question of the woman's vote to the forefront of politics. Who is there that will pretend that, had it not been for the women who broke the windows and set afire the kiosks and spoilt the golf greens, and kicked one Minister, broke in another Minister's hat and produced a dog-whip against a third Minister—the agitation would still have been formidable and urgent to-day? A few Girton girls never made the movement. Nor did the women's branch of the National Liberal Federation make it. The window-breakers and the hunger-strikers should be given their due: it is they who have rushed to the front a question in which the great bulk of women are not interested.

The Government and its Press exclaim that it is the militants who have killed the Bill. Very possibly, but then without them there would never have been anything but a strictly academic Bill and a strictly academic debate which would have died of inanition. No; the suffrage movement to-day is the movement of the violent section. The Parnells, not the Butts, of woman suffrage have been the telling agitators. So those who believe in order and law are naturally glad the Bill was lost.

CLEARER AIR.

THIS is the time for steadier thought about the Albanian question. Now that Montenegro has seen reason, the principles of policy are established, and though the diplomatists have still to work out the details and are not yet ready for public explanations of their conduct, they can be helped by having behind them a body of sober European opinion. There is room for a frankness that would have been impossible a week ago, because it is now clear that Europe can get what it wants. The way is open for a settlement. But if that settlement is to endure it must be worth more than the paper on which it is worked out. It must have life given it through active goodwill. No word is more shamefully abused than goodwill. Time after time it is used as an excuse for not thinking. Is there strain between England and Germany? Then be sure that Radical journalists will rush forward to say that goodwill will relieve it. Goodwill by itself can relieve nothing in international affairs. What is wanted is good sense which goodwill can make triumphant. In this Albanian question we have had good sense. Without it Austria and Russia would never have come to terms at all. It is because we have now to deal with the results of good sense that goodwill is required. For good sense has achieved a compromise, and compromises rarely commend themselves to popular feeling.

The European compromise is about to take geographical shape in the new State of Albania, whose southern boundary, it may be noted, may yet cause trouble. What is required is that Albania shall be a real country, not a State of cards threatening to tumble down the instant its builders' fingers are withdrawn. Albania must bear its share of European stress and strain, and that strain will be no small one. Take first its immediate neighbours, Montenegro, Serbia, and Greece. They have not made the new Albania, and until it has justified itself will eye it rather askance. Each of them might hope to profit by its collapse. For Montenegro there would be Scutari and the north, for Greece Avlona and the south, for Serbia a window in the Adriatic with commodious access thereto. It is not mutual jealousies that have made these three Powers abandon their claims. They have given way to European pressure, and if Europe's work be feeble, they will strain after their chance. The pessimist might exclaim that nothing but an international occupation can keep Albania quiet against such pressure. But why should not Albania maintain herself? After all it is not so long since Bulgaria hankered after territory which she now grants to be Serb and Greek. The change has come not because the Bulgars have been chastened—on the contrary, they seem likely to ask for more than their allies will grant—but because they realise that Greece and Serbia are respectable States with power behind them—countries to be dealt with, not bullied. So it will be with Albania if all goes well. Let the new Government show itself able to assert its authority right up to its frontiers, let its administration of the railway to the coast be honest and efficient, and it will win the respect it requires. All Foreign Offices are wonderfully ready to deal with things as they find them.

Europe's task then is clear enough in outline. The point now presents itself that Europe is not entirely disinterested. Both Austria and Italy have hoped to expand into Albania. The temptation must be strong upon them to wish the new Albania weak. Then they could deal with it as England and Russia have dealt with Persia, with whose affairs no Conference of Ambassadors interferes. An economic agreement would grow into dual control, and when dual control worked badly each Power would hope to be strong enough to best the other in the eventual partition. That course means bloodshed in the long run, if not between Austria and Italy themselves, then between one or both of them and the Balkan League or Russia. Only goodwill can avert that danger. Good sense has made it clear that there must be an Albania now, but it has yet to be admitted that Albania is to endure. This is, of course,

the most critical aspect of the whole matter, and Britain, which has nothing at stake, must not presume to lecture the interested Powers. But we may fairly admire the exemplary patience which Austria has shown during the last six months. Nothing in all Francis Joseph's reign reflects greater credit on him or has done more to strengthen the prestige of Austria among the nations than his handling of this crisis. Thanks to Austria's restraint, Italian interests have not been much affected until the last two or three weeks, during which the Italian Government has shown all zeal to co-operate with Vienna. The greatest test is still to come, for it is harder to abnegate than to remain inactive; but it is fair to say that the series of quiet talks in London has created a better atmosphere than could have been hoped for last autumn, and that as far as external conditions are concerned the new State has a good chance.

But Albania's chief need is a strong Government able to combine and control tribes who have not really been governed, as civilisation understands the word, since the Roman Empire broke down. In face of this tremendous problem it is really amazing that mere amateurs in Near Eastern politics should come forward with any proposals at all. We have nothing against Ismail Kemal, but it certainly should not count in his favour that he knows the jargon of Western European politics. On the other hand, we hold no brief for Essad Pasha. All that can be said about him is that he has an army behind him. He would make a King if that army were fit for use and he knew how to use it. Only Essad may be an adventurer, just as Ismail may be a windbag. We have really no evidence on which to go, and so must necessarily leave the whole matter in the hands of the experts. There are certain to be amateurs who will answer that there are no experts, or that if there are the Ambassadors are not of their number. Certainly acquaintance with the capitals of Europe and with the habits of diplomacy no more fits a man to settle the constitution of Albania than does a little talk with Albanians on a mission or a traveller's knowledge of the country itself. But we are convinced that there is a whole corpus of opinion filed away in the archives at Rome, Vienna, and even St. Petersburg. Austria and Italy have been watching Albania for half a century. It has been the duty of their Governments to be ready to take advantage of any turn in the uncertain course of events. The best men that could be found have been sent to the Consulates in the country, and their reports represent years of anxious and detailed observation. Naturally all this information has its bias. Austrians and Italians have not studied Albania for its own sake but for the sake of Austria and Italy. But in every report they wrote these observers must have had in their minds the question, What should we do if we had to govern this country? and the question itself is evidence of sound knowledge. There may be some who believe that all this knowledge would achieve poor results against the instinct of an ill-informed man who proclaimed his sympathy with the Albanian people. Critics of this sort do not deserve a reply, if only because there is no evidence that an Albanian people as yet exists at all. So far as we know, Albania is chiefly made up of tribes who follow their leaders and fight one another. For the next few weeks it will be the business of the Governments of Europe to consider how they can best turn these warring tribes into a nation. European statesmanship will require to have before it every helpful fact, and the facts can only be tabled in secret. Is it likely that Austria and Italy will proclaim to the world all they know and thus let a possible opponent make use of information laboriously acquired? Only with every guarantee of secrecy is it possible for there to be that freedom of talk which the situation demands. The constitution of Albania must be settled, just as the frontier of Albania has been settled, round a table in London, and all that general opinion can do is to make it clear that it understands the diplomats' aim and will support their endeavours to achieve it.

HOUSING AND PARTIES.

WE make no apology for returning once more to the subject of housing legislation. Public opinion is becoming more and more concentrated on the topic to the embarrassment of a Government fresh from the slaughter of the Unionist Housing Bill. But the ghost of that measure still walks the earth, and not least in the division of Newmarket, while Ministers are boggling horribly over the embarrassments into which Mr. Burns' foolish and intemperate speech of last year has plunged them. The situation indeed savours of comedy for everybody except the people who are deprived of their homes by the unscrupulous partisanship of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the blind self-satisfaction and folly of the President of the Local Government Board. The Liberal candidate in Newmarket declares in favour of the Boscawen Bill: Mr. Lloyd George answers by writing him a letter in which he calls that Bill "crude and pettifogging" and declares that it would do more harm than good. Mr. Burns says that the Government is opposed "in principle" to a State grant in aid of housing, and after a chorus of indignant protest from the Liberal and Labour benches the Prime Minister in answering a question declines to commit the Government to any such view. While the Chancellor of the Exchequer is emphasising the gravity of the evil and talking about "extirpating the slums" and an "ill-housed peasantry", Mr. Burns is denying the existence of the evil and calmly accusing the Chancellor of being responsible by his Limehouse speech for a shortage of 60,000 cottages! Mr. Lloyd George writes that the "question must be dealt with and that soon" (though he must know perfectly well it will not be dealt with while Mr. Burns sticks to his present post), while Mr. Asquith calmly announces that there is no time this session and consequently this year. We suppose it is a question which merely "brooks no delay". The wicked in this matter are indeed fleeing in confusion, but they are being heartily pursued. There is indeed no better omen for the future than the great advance the Unionist leaders, and notably Mr. Walter Long, have made over Housing Reform. When the Housing Bill was first introduced in 1912 it received somewhat meagre support from the Opposition Front Bench, Mr. F. E. Smith and Mr. H. W. Forster being its only champions, though Mr. Bonar Law said a word in its favour. This year Mr. Walter Long, as ex-President of the Local Government Board, practically took charge of the measure. Still the progress of the Bill, which is by common consent extraordinarily popular in the constituencies, is entirely due to the indefatigable persistence and zeal of Sir Arthur Boscawen and of the Unionist Social Reformers. We make this comment advisedly. There has been introduced this week by some private Unionist members a Bill for applying the Trades Boards Act to certain agricultural counties where wages are notoriously low. The Bill may be right or wrong, but the "Standard" says it is attracting a great deal of not unfavourable attention in the Newmarket contest, and it would be well for Unionists not to be too prompt in condemning it.

The real villain of the Housing piece is Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Burns is after all an honest reactionary: he rather reminds one of Mr. Burgess in "Candida", the self-made master who believes that all that improved conditions for the lower classes spells is "uppishness and drink in working men", and that anyone who had his shrewdness and thriftiness would have made as much money as he has. This type always despises the class from which it springs: it is not a very amiable or admirable trait, but is a perfectly genuine one. Mr. Lloyd George has no such excuse. With all his faults he has imagination. He knows perfectly well that the people want houses, no one better. But he would rather that 100,000 went houseless than that the Liberal party should lose a bye-election by admitting that the Opposition have been right in this matter and his own party wrong. He knows perfectly well that

his own name is a blown one and his land-bursting campaign still-born, that his influence in the Cabinet is nil and his Whig enemies openly triumphing over him. But if he is not allowed to do anything for housing certainly no one else shall be allowed to do it—so people must live for years under vile conditions till Mr. Lloyd George has lived down the Marconi scandal and routed the foes of his own household. It is a case of this year, next year, some time, never! This is a deliberate sinning against the light not readily to be forgiven any man.

Let us look closer into Mr. Lloyd George's record in this matter. It is a black one. During the last five years of Unionist government and the first two years of Liberal power roughly an average of 100,000 cottages were built in this country. In the year before the Budget campaign 87,000 were so built; in the year of that campaign 10,000 were built; in the following year 70,000 were built. The figures are Mr. Burns'—so is the explanation—people "were in a fright". In a word, the language of Limehouse and Newcastle, full of threats of extermination against holders of and dealers in land and houses—apart altogether from the actual burden of taxation—precipitated a veritable panic in a certain type of enterprise and property. Building was paralysed, and at the lowest estimate 60,000 houses which ought to have been built were not built! And why? Because the Liberal party were in a hole and contained one man who would stick at nothing to pull them out of it. Out of the estimated deficit of 100,000 cottages more than half can be traced directly to the great Social Reformer, the Tribune of the People. The First Fruit of the great Budget on Land is a financial loss, fewer houses and more officials.

But even without this the situation is serious enough. The cottages built before the great fall in land values in the late 'seventies are coming to the end of their useful life and the shortage will therefore tend to increase rather than to diminish. It is the duty of the Unionist party to press this matter hard on Ministers, and either to shame or frighten them into action, or failing that to do the work themselves the moment they are returned to power. The folly and obstinacy of Ministers have given the Opposition a great opportunity which must neither be wasted nor thrown away. In taking this course they will be living up to the traditions of their party. Of all the Housing legislation passed in this country during the last sixty years, only two Acts of any importance, those of 1882 and 1909, stand to the credit of the Liberal Government! The rest are the work of Disraeli and Lord Salisbury.

MR. CHURCHILL, R.A.

THERE is always something startling in the discovery of naïveté, even crudity in clever men. They are sometimes so competent and successful in their own jobs, they are often so celebrated for their dexterity, their fighting tactics and assurance that perhaps illogically we accept them in an all-round spirit. We argue that a man so prominent and brilliant and ready, so intellectual as the First Lord of the Admiralty must see all round him with an unclouded vision. And then at some incidental banquet, attempting to tune his speech to the topical interest of the moment, he delivers himself upon the ethics of Art and we are quite shocked by the shallow triteness of his philosophy. We should not expect him to be versed in inner criticism, but for some reason we are taken aback at his commonplace inability to see large principles.

Speaking at the Royal Academy banquet, Mr. Churchill is reported to have said that he had been racking his brains to discover even a far-fetched connexion between Art and the modern battleship "(Laughter)". But he had to confess that he found it very difficult to appreciate in these formidable engines any of those qualities of grace and beauty which perhaps were associated with ships of the line, and to which artists would

look as material. "Modern ships do certainly not offer much ground for the artist to work upon", was the conclusion of Mr. Churchill's unfortunate sortie into matters he has obviously never thought about. This kind of philistine attitude towards Art in its relation to living needs and expression is just what we expect from provincial and suburban minds; but somehow one is surprised to find the clever First Lord of the Admiralty with that class of mind. The impression he usually makes is of a wider intellect, a more working and elastic philosophy. The view that grace and beauty are fixed values, artificial qualities outside practical needs and use and identical with so-called "picturesqueness" is at once so bourgeois in the artistic scale and so pernicious that a man of Mr. Churchill's standing who encourages it must be regarded with dismay. How is it possible for fine art, fine engineering, splendid architecture to exist in a society where philistinism so blandly airs itself in such high places? That Mr. Churchill's remark should have been appreciated with laughter within Burlington House of course surprises none; academic Art has no concern with living Art.

When will it dawn on the First Lord that the connexion (which he racked his brains to find) between Art and battleships is no more elusive than the connexion between a thing and itself? Can he not realise that these monster vessels, battleships or liners, are themselves works of art, not yet as complete as, but in kind one with, the galleons and sloops, the temples and bridges that were built quite unconsciously of the picturesque? How can vessels purely designed to answer the requirements of vast strength and speed, built honestly to attain perfection of mobility and endurance but be works of art, unless we assume that Art is a little irrelevant concern of trimmings and ornament? How disastrous this assumption has been to architecture is apparent on every side, and if we persisted in cultivating superstitious ignorance that shrinks and crosses itself at the sound of words, that flaccidly collapses at the mere mention of steel battleships or concrete buildings, we might never emerge from the condition of pseudo-picturesque.

But to Mr. Churchill and his academic audience Art cannot be connected with living thought; what was in the beginning must mechanically apply for ever, no matter how needs change or how man's intellect and imagination progress by adaptability. We would not like to say that such lack of imagination and so feeble a sense of comparative history, in one direction, necessarily invalidates Mr. Churchill's authority in other directions, professionally his own. But it seems arguable that a man who will pronounce like this upon matters he is obviously unqualified to mention can hardly be blessed with circumspection or the power of lucid analytic thought. For this is not a subtle point of expertise—whether Duccio or Cimabue painted such-and-such for instance—but a matter that lies open to everyone who cares to use his reason. Taking Mr. Churchill's word for it that he cannot yet see the "beauty" of a battleship, and supplying as explanation that he lacks both pictorial sense and imagination and is imposed on by commonplace philistine criticism, what have we? A man who will glibly echo superstitions without having troubled to play his critical faculty on them; a man of hazy notions assimilated from hearsay.

Inasmuch as battleships and liners are materialisations of man's thought and ideals, structures conditioned by environment and real demand, inhabited, who can doubt it, by the imagination of their builders, they are Art as undeniably as is architecture. It is time that our very public men, if they are liable to public speeches, should show knowledge of such rudiments, and sympathy with the large body of artists who are striving to educate the public to outgrow the stage of picturesqueness. Whether our remarkable Academicians, whose métier is pseudo-classical illustration, could develop a spirit grand enough to get in contact with the comparatively gigantic spirit of a warship is another matter. Certainly none of them could paint the

Parthenon or a London street. But then the Parthenon and battleships, not primarily intended as material for illustrators, may very possibly be indifferent to this loss. After all there is no real necessity that a work of art in order to be connected with Art should be painted for the Academy.

THE CITY.

CONFIDENCE is undoubtedly returning to the Stock Exchange. The only really disturbing factor this week has been the failure of the Brazilian loan issue, and this was disturbing merely because it was disappointing. It had been thought that arrangements would be made for the complete success of this—the first big issue after the settlement of the Balkan problem—especially as the greatest financial house in the world was responsible for the issue; but no such arrangements were made. The underwriting of the loan was very widely distributed, and as soon as the prospectus was printed some of the underwriters began to dispose of stock at a price which would provide them with a small profit. As the underwriting commission was $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. a small profit was obtainable at a quotation of $1\frac{1}{2}$ discount, and it was at that price that dealings commenced. Probably the underwriters who first sold at this level were influenced by the established fact that the public has of late displayed a strong determination not to subscribe for new securities at the issue price; but whatever their purpose the effect was that only 6 per cent. of the loan was publicly subscribed. And naturally so; for what attraction was there in subscribing for bonds at 97 when they could be bought in the market at 96 and even less? However, there is a good demand for the bonds at a discount. The public recognises that the terms on which they have been offered are decidedly cheap, and there is little doubt that the issue will be well absorbed.

The greatly improved political outlook in Eastern Europe has had a beneficial influence in all the markets, and, having regard to the holidays and the approach of the settlement on the Stock Exchange, the tone has been very good. If there were only a little more business it would be perfectly safe to say that higher prices would be registered all round the "House" during the next account. As it is, all forecasts are conditional upon the mood of the public. In the absence of public support, professional traders are obliged to protect themselves by snatching small profits, a procedure which militates against a steady advance in prices; and the merest breath of rumour of an unfavourable nature in regard to the international situation suffices to depress markets to an undue extent. One thing, however, is certain: although the public may not buy, it will not sell; and the odds are immensely in favour of rising markets. Practically all good-class shares among Home Rails, Canadians, Americans, Foreign Rails and South African mines may safely be bought for an appreciation in capital value in the long run, even though the markets may have a see-saw action in the meantime.

Home Rails have benefited by the announcement of a 4 per cent. increase in freight rates to come into force on 1 July. Canadian Pacifics have naturally responded to the improved European outlook, which has been reflected in all inter-bourse stocks. Wall Street is now hoping for good crop reports, and there is no question that the prospect of bumper harvests would do much to counteract the recent depressing influences. The hope of currency reform in the United States is also encouraging, and as regards tariff revision everything is now known. Any changes in the proposed law can only be favourable to finance and commerce. Some uncertainty still exists concerning the situation in Mexico, and Mexican Railway securities must therefore be regarded as distinctly speculative holdings, although the prospect appears to be improving.

The expected upward movement in Brazil Common has commenced, but it must be remembered that the stock is hardly yet in sight of dividends. San Paulos

are receiving good support from well-informed quarters, and Leopoldinas keep firm in anticipation of an increased dividend. Regarding the forecasts of a rise in the dividend on Peruvian Corporation Preference stock from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ or $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., it should be borne in mind that, while the forecasts may be fully justified, the dividend is not due for some months.

The publication of the Marconi Technical Committee's report gave strength to the share market, and rumours are in circulation about a forthcoming dividend. Marconi shares, however, are quite high enough at the present level in the opinion of careful observers. The latest statistics in regard to the nitrate position are interpreted by optimists as being quite favourable to nitrate companies generally. Industrial shares as a whole are well supported, but the fear of labour trouble on the Clyde makes for caution. Among mining shares the best Kaffirs, such as Crown Mines and Modderfonteins, look like favourable purchases, and if Kaffirs move up Rhodesians should follow. The commencement of the rainy season in Nigeria is attracting attention to Tin shares. The better tone of the Rubber market is well maintained, and Oil shares are likely to participate in any general improvement. The newcomer, the Melissa Hill Oil Company, with a capital of £150,000, appears to have good prospects: it is anticipated that the ultimate earnings will be 30 per cent., and if the directors are able to set aside from the profits enough to return the capital in ten years as promised, the shareholder will have good cause to congratulate himself. Of course all oil companies are more or less speculative, but the reports on the Melissa go to suggest that the speculative element has been reduced to a minimum.

"—WHATEVER GODS THERE BE."

HENLEY? Who was he?" I heard a young man who pretends to write ask the other day, and I wondered at the heavy ignorance of our present scribes. The abounding personality which revelled in this May weather in verses half idyllic, half Rabelaisian is growing shadowy. The master who won more than any the devotion of his young men, controlled and shaped their writing, has found as yet no biographer among them. Where is the "Life" talked of long since as due from an excellent craftsman of his school? The quintessential Henley (as he would have said) cannot appear in any formal dictionary article. So one is grateful for Mr. Cope Cornford's little study* just published, in itself a striking tribute to the loyalty and steady affection which Henley won from his disciples. A tribute, I say, but not altogether a happy one, for an immense and sustained eulogy can please no one who knew the man. What Henley says of another exuberant artist, self-taught and immortal, one might say of himself. He sinned repeatedly against taste; he could be both noisy and vulgar; he was sometimes mawkish (a vice he particularly derided in others), and often extravagant; but his work is full of splendid sincerity; he spoke out, or rather hit out, against Grocerdom, the gospel of Samuel Smiles, the cult of the sentimental, and the restrictions of the world-improver who wants everybody to live in a sober, Jaeger world, full of his taboos and suppressions.

The "Scots" (later the "National") "Observer", and the "New Review" I read with attention in earlier days. They were brimful of good things, the liveliest critical and romantic writing of the day. There were thwackings to be enjoyed, good, downright blows, which must have pleased, one thought, the victims as well as the sympathisers. Yet in all this vigorous display of learning and independence the master did not quite please me—neither he nor his friend Stevenson, for all his delicate grace. Adjectives and mannerisms stood out for both in their work, and shouted, "Admire me! You mustn't miss this"; and their views of life were so insistently stated as to

* "W. E. Henley." By L. Cope Cornford. "Modern Biographies." London: Constable, 1913. 1s. net.

become tedious. The Rabelaisian heartiness of the one and the gay fortitude of the other grew into an obsession. But for their admirable writing they might have been the cranks with whom they were wearied, turning their opinion-mills and neglecting a restless audience. Some of us did not need to have the spirit of youth, adventure and wine so constantly advertised, like S. Simeon Stylites, at the top of a column. It was only in his last years that I came to know Henley by face as well as by letter, at a time when new friends were, I think, not unwelcome. He lived at Woking, prematurely buried for the Londoner, who does not like a journey and a dusty walk at the end. Through miles, as it seemed, of mean and undistinguished streets we plodded to his house. "You look sad", said my friend on the way. "Well", I replied, "look at the neighbourhood." He owned that it was depressing, though he had a fine idealism which sees any country where a great figure is through a warm, purple haze of imagination.

At last we arrived. The house was pleasant, not typically suburban; we rang the bell, and a man in shirtsleeves, smoking a pipe, opened the door after a while, as if he had something better to do, and gruffly questioned our business. It was doubtful if we could see the master; his tone was repellent, his whole attitude odd. I suggested that we were quite ready to go away if he liked, though we had an engagement with Mr. Henley, and we got in. He had been sleeping, and I was sorry to disturb him, but he rose to vigour in a moment. He talked with my friend, and his square, massive face radiated when Kipling was mentioned. My friend was a writer of books and a man who knew the wide world. They were soon deep in authors and tendencies, and I was content to listen. Here was Stevenson's Burly, something less than "boisterous and piratic"; he had mellowed with advancing age; but he was eager, forcible, rich with enthusiasm. "Kipling is always trying to pluck the heart out of a mystery in twenty minutes. Yes, and he does it, the fellow." I got a word in here and a little attention. My friend, ever the most tactful of men, explained how I knew about such things. Henley turned on me with a new interest, transfigured me with a flood of talk of old days and new; there was a call for "liquor"; a dear friend of mine was denounced, I remember, as a "splendid scoundrel", and we went away in a blaze of glory. Such a man should have been crowded with grateful listeners; yet he seemed lonely, and for one who had delivered some hard blows in his time curiously sensitive to criticism of his own work. But he would hear reason—apart from some people who were the whippersnappers of criticism—and it was delightful to hear him praise those he had helped on the way to success. He never emphasised his part; he did not din "discoveries" of his into your ears; he did not suggest, as Mr. Cornford does, that criticism, either of art or letters, began and ended with himself.

The shadow of illness and weariness was already on his brow, but he cast it off. He might have been as healthy as a cowboy fresh from the mountains; but there was nothing heavy in his face. I saw afterwards a photograph of him that might have pictured an elderly churchwarden, and wondered how it could have happened. I did not find him "leonine", as Mr. Cornford does; without knowing him I should not have judged him an artist. Take away the Promethean spark which fired him, and I should have guessed the presence of a thoroughly English and massive intelligence, not imaginative, but supremely capable. Where had I seen such a face before, full of a solidity which might easily degenerate into stolidity, but mantling with ready speech, with enthusiasm hidden in repose? I was puzzled for days. Then I recalled the vision of William Morris pleading for ancient buildings as if they were his nearest and dearest. Both spoke with the eagerness of a boy, and both, I believe, in private life were admirable artists in strong language. Both seemed above the nervousness and fastidiousness which

often come to overwrought men of letters and make the tame and savourless society of the Philistine agreeable by contrast. Here were men, good, downright honest men, and they lent no colour to the theory (amply, alas, supported elsewhere) that literature is a morbid secretion, and abhors health. Mr. Cornford erects and knocks down a booby of "Henley as a bloodless, nervous valetudinarian". I never heard anywhere of such a conception, which is contradicted by every line of Henley's writing. It seems to me as idle as the suggestion that the death of Queen Victoria was followed by a "tragic, inevitable descent" in life and letters. Henley, when he was at Woking, rejoiced in a motor ride. He would have been the first to revel in the air ride at over sixty miles an hour. He wrote the elegy of Victoria, but he was not a Victorian. He was after new forms, and the revival of old freedoms. He would have denounced the slipshod writing and the idle voluminousness of to-day, but he would have found more good in the world of art and letters than his disciple.

X.

SHAKESPEARE AT DRURY LANE.

By JOHN PALMER.

BECAUSE Mr. Forbes-Robertson has clean and classic features, because his brow is lofty, because he is not made in the rosy image of a mean sensual man, people have come to talk of him as of a walking intellect; of a man who, if he does not think too much, thinks as much as is good for him; of a man with a tremendous apparatus of logical machinery, which he sets to work upon Hamlet or Shylock or Othello, thereby engineering wonderful products of the brain for the especial delight of superior people. This is entirely wrong. The remarkable thing about Mr. Forbes-Robertson's playing—the thing which distinguishes him from most of his contemporaries—is not intellect. He has intellect, of course. He is equal to the cleverest in all those qualities of playing which are the special function of intellect—in the adjustment of technical means to æsthetic ends, in critical measurement of his material, in perpetual selection and rejection of the hundred possibilities which suggest themselves to every artist after his rough conception is formed. Intuition comes and goes: it is the humbler task of intelligence to record and to fix it. In this humbler task of intelligence Mr. Robertson is thoroughly proficient. But the work of his intellect is not the striking, important and distinguishing part of Mr. Robertson's art. Imagination is his loftier distinction. Praising Mr. Robertson for his intellect is like praising a man who can paint like Titian for being able to do square root.

"The Merchant of Venice" is no bad example of the gulf between reason and imagination. What a stumbling-block is in this play for the expert playgoer who talks about probability, about things "which stand to reason", about things likely or unlikely to happen—the playgoer who solemnly cites before the bar of his intelligence Shylock and Portia, asks whether Antonio would allow himself to be bound, and quarrels with the terms of Portia's father's will! These reasonable people are a nuisance, from the rabid infidels who would have no financial transaction in a play by Shakespeare that might not take place between English Cabinet Ministers through the Stock Exchange, and no testamentary disposition of property that would surprise us in the office of an English family lawyer, to the delicately incredulous who learnedly talk about dramatic probability as measured by what happens to be the fashion in stage conduct of their particular day. Let these reasonable and expert playgoers realise here and now that there is no such thing as the probable and the improbable in Art; that it is a fool's job to inquire whether this thing or that which happens in a play by Shakespeare or Sophocles was likely to happen or unlikely. Everything is probable and everything is likely to happen in a play by anybody. The only question that arises for a critic is whether the thing which happens was imaginatively seen by the artist; and

whether he has passed on his vision to ourselves. When the artist is Shakespeare, the expert playgoer may reasonably assume that if he cannot see Antonio and Shylock it is at least probable that the imaginative failure is not a failure of the poet. The expert may here object (a highly civilised creature sitting at ease in the stalls) that he does not believe in Shakespeare's Venetian Court of Justice; but that the ignorant rabble up in the ceiling of the house do believe in it; and that surely he is wiser in his generation than they. The argument is familiar; and the answer is as old as the oldest sage. Some things are hidden from the wise and prudent.

Shylock is so entirely alive—in the vocabulary of our wretched expert he is so "probable", so "real" and so "credible"—that every "improbability" he touches starts into being as solid as the thick rotundity of the world, which, the experts will tell you, turns upon its axis once in twenty-four hours. In the creation of Shylock we watch that most fascinating career of a great artist's protagonist turning the tables upon the artist himself. Shakespeare, so far as his contemporaries saw, was writing the Jew-baiting play of his time. But Shakespeare's Jew escapes full-fashioned from his author's hands, standing at tragic height, a figure thrown into magnificent relief against the hypocrisy, meanness and insolence of his oppressors. Shakespeare must have been truly appalled at the results of having let loose this creature of his fancy; to find how his vision of a hunted Jew had turned to an unconscious (the absence of any definite moral intention, as always in art, emphasises the moral effect) indictment of professing Christianity. The Duke's "That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits", followed by Antonio's infamous terms, and Gratiano's brutal mockery—this, set against the tragic passion of the defeated Jew, whose savagery is primitively honourable and fair beside the arrayed hypocrisy of Christian judgment—all this came inevitably from the fact that Shakespeare, as soon as his imagination had conceived Shylock and the cruelty of Shylock, had also to conceive, by intuitive sympathy, the process of its birth in the cruelty of his oppressors.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Shylock does not rise to the stature of that figure which Edmund Kean first taught the English playgoer to see in the baited Jew. It would be wrong to say that Mr. Robertson's Shylock is merely the child of his intelligence. It is more than an intellectual exercise. But the actor's imagination here is obviously working at lower pressure than in Hamlet. Shylock is in comparison a night off for Mr. Robertson. In Shylock's bitter clamour for his ducats and his daughter we seemed to be watching the cunning semblance of a passion, of which the actor, for all his fine display of physical energy, was delivered rather too much at his ease. Not wishing to see Mr. Robertson reduce himself to a complete bodily and mental wreck, I am not going to ask him to live at the rate of his Hamlet for twenty to thirty continuous hours every week of his season. An actor must of necessity distinguish between the parts he chooses to play with his whole soul, and parts that allow him to give an agreeable exhibition of his art without driving him to the limit of his powers. People who go to see Mr. Robertson's Shylock will not see him at the height of his compass; but they will see each facet of this wonderful character—among the first half-dozen of Shakespeare's greatest achievements—beautifully suggested; and they will ever after be able to laugh to scorn the reasonable people who object to this thing or that as improbable in his history. Shakespeare and Mr. Robertson can between them manage stranger things than are dreamed of in your philosophy, including the merry bond of Shylock the Jew.

Miss Gertrude Elliott's Portia was too delightfully a woman to condescend very successfully to the estate of man. She was at her best in the moment when, contemplating the adventure to Padua, she thinks it will be great fun to play at doublet and hose. But the court scene—one of those little games which amuse men

and keep them out of mischief—rather suffered from this feminine, and, anywhere but in "The Merchant of Venice", entirely correct point of view. Mr. Basil Gill's Bassanio was as far removed as anything could be from Shakespeare's spendthrift man of fashion flying at a wealthy heiress; but Mr. Basil Gill, if in a mad moment of some manager he were cast for Iachimo, would contrive to suggest something of the Wesleyan saint in his interpretation. I have not forgotten Mr. Basil Gill's Brutus; and I am afraid I never shall. He sprinkled himself with Cæsar's blood as if it were holy water; and talked to the growling Romans as if they were Mr. R. J. Campbell's congregation at the City Temple. I have never since been able to regard Brutus as anything but a Whig politician of the middle nineteenth century. However, I was glad to see Mr. Gill in the cast on Monday; for Mr. Robertson's repertory company, apart from three members of it whose names I will not invidiously specify, is unable to make anything of Shakespeare. There is a lady who plays the Queen of Denmark—

But no: I really want to lash all those laggards who have not yet been to Drury Lane to seize one of their few remaining opportunities of bidding Mr. Robertson Godspeed upon his tour; so I will keep entirely to myself what I think about the Queen of Denmark.

THE PARIS SALONS.

By ERNEST DIMNET.

THE general characteristics of this year's Salon des Artistes Français (officiel) seem to be the multitude of nudes, the almost complete absence of religious pictures, and a new attitude on the part of fashionable visitors who are more numerous in this Salon than in the other: they used to be brief-spoken, technical and confident; this year they are—especially the women—natural, spontaneous, naïve and full of wonderment. Apart from this, the Salon is as usual, and so will it be next year.

The nudes are many, but they are not good. One by Mr. Lawton Parker (Room I.) is a distinguished composition in subdued pearl-greys and faded pinks with the difficulty and improbability of a window for a background, but it is not a good study of the nude: no modelling, no decision. Another, by R. Collin (Room XVII.) is lovely in design but also timid: modern artists will paint the light as they see it play on the skin, but this is not painting the nude. Several of these pictures are distinctly ugly and one positively indecent, which is exceptional in this Salon.

The great attraction for the would-be naïve natural visitors we mentioned above is the large picture by Grün in Room XXXIII. It is the best example of reckless and unintelligent waste of talent which is so common a trait of these exhibitions. Dinner is just over, but instead of streaming into the drawing or smoking room the party remain around the table to give M. Grün a chance of painting the table first and themselves afterwards. The table with its embroidered cloth, centre-pieces, lights, vases and bouquets is a gorgeous piece of work. So are the women in white gowns, crimson scarfs and electricity-lit smiles; but M. Grün evidently preferred the table even to them, and as to the gentlemen, they are merely true to life and consequently look somewhat slandered. The names of all these people are not written on the frame with a convenient plan as they are on Corporation pictures, but they are all well known; and if you will sit down two minutes behind the thick screen of lookers-on you will find that the sweet childlike comments already mentioned are reserved for the landscapes and tableaux de genre.

Another tour de force is the portrait of a young woman by Chabas (Room XIII.). Chabas was awarded the Grand Prize last year for a very exquisite little bather, and if he had not had it last year he would probably have secured it this time. His talent consists in a very wonderful blending of values which enables

him to obtain effects both delicate and dazzling with the thinnest and daintiest touches. The lady's hair, her muslin scarf, her large pearls, her eager baby eyes, the pinks of her complexion seem to have been done with imponderable paint and gossamer brushes, but the final effect is so unreal as to make one uncomfortable.

Marcel Baschet is not at his best with a portrait—a great deal too smiling—of M. Thureau-Dangin; nor Patricot with a man's portrait made over-effective by vertical lights, nor Déchenaud with his scene in an atelier inevitably conventional, nor, above all, Aimé Morot, the same who painted the admirable "Hébert" in the Luxembourg, with a portrait of M. Deschanel. J. Bail as usual, Vollon as usual; excellent work, but we admired it ten years, fifteen years ago, and we pass on thinking that we have done our duty by it, and that besides, posterity not realising that these perfect artisans were not artists, will admire them more than they deserve.

Gabriel Ferrier, on the contrary, tries to rejuvenate himself, and his two pictures would seem better if they did not suggest as considerable a person as Frans Hals. Another painter of old standing, Bompard, also works not only with a craving for perfection, but with real love for his subject: his interior of a church (Room XIV.), with its dark but warm atmosphere full of reflexions from marbles, old wainscoting and tapers, is absolutely satisfying of its kind.

This would be about all one could say of the Salon des Artistes Français, if there were not an extraordinary surprise for us there. I believe it is the first time since many years that a young man totally unknown so far is revealed to the public at that Salon. In Room I., near the right-angle, hangs a picture which causes you to refer to your catalogue at once, and when you find that the name of the artist—Jules Joëts—is new to you, makes you turn in great excitement to the garden. Five old men, five old men in the hospital of the Little Sisters of the Poor at Saint-Omer are waiting for grace to begin. They are standing motionless, and the table before them is a plain deal table with just a loaf and a few pieces of common crockery on it. Nothing could be simpler, but the old men's faces are so true that you can read their various lives in them in spite of the hospital uniformity, and the study in still life shows as much talent as anything by Joseph Bail. M. Joëts is a poet undoubtedly, and he handles a wonderfully firm brush in the honest traditional manner. One hardly knows whether it is better to be glad or sorry that an artist of such gifts is so young: terrible dangers threaten a youthful talent, and another picture by M. Joëts in Room VI.—an orange woman in Flanders—is already disappointing.

You can pass from the Société des Artistes Français to the Société Nationale through a turnpike between the two large rooms in the Grand Palais, and in an instant you find yourself in another world: fewer visitors, fewer pictures, and instead of the banal and mediocre appearance of the rooms you have just left, a general impression of distinction, if occasionally of effort.

Room I.—in which Zuloaga, absent this year, generally triumphs—gives the keynote at once. There is something dark, and one might say lowering, in the pictures which confront you, but a moment's inspection makes it clear that this was done purposely by the hangers remembering the effect produced by last year's Zuloagas. The "Dying Moments of a Torero" by Vasquez Diaz, the "Lisette" of Bertieri, the weird "Jewesses" and "Aïssaouas" of Surêda, above all, the two Spanish scenes by Ramon and Valentin de Zubiaurre—new-comers—all suggest the simple vision of a child and sometimes the patient treatment of the Primitive, sometimes the subtle but sincere research of the Impressionist. The admirable realism of Valentin de Zubiaurre's "Caciques" convinces us once more that a whole museum could be filled with modern Spanish pictures worth the honour. Many other rooms will strike you by the presence of three or four artists

of exceptional merit and by a variety which is hardly expected of an annual show. The visitor certainly derives more pleasure—for instance in Room VII.—from seeing together the exhibits of Cottet, le Sidaner, Mademoiselle Breslau, and even Laszlo than if he had to seek them in several places, and Dauchez looks better (in Room IV.) for facing Lucien Simon.

Muenier (Room II.) has a "Réveil" which will be no doubt as popular as his "Little Girl at her Piano" two years ago. A girl turns away in bed from the dazzling light as her maid draws aside the curtains. The summery atmosphere of the picture and the craftsmanship displayed in the treatment of the bed and window curtains of a rich golden tint are fascinating. With a touch of vigour which he lacks, Muenier would be an excellent painter.

Room III. belongs to la Gandara with his "Don Quixote", a touching and humorous presentment of the knight and a revelation to many people, for who reads "Don Quixote" nowadays, and who could misunderstand la Gandara's comment?

Lucien Simon (Room IV.) seems at first sight inferior to himself, black as in his early manner and so far from his former witty drawing as to appear wooden. But only walk away into the next room far enough to isolate his exhibits from their neighbours and you will be struck by the relief of his nude—a powerful piece of solid painting—and even his Breton family, stiff and stupid as they look. Dauchez, on the wall opposite, on the contrary, deep, bright and luminous more than he ever was. Woog (same room) inferior to his portrait of last year. The young lady-rider he presents to us is both dwarfish and boyish, and her habit anything but becoming. Bunny's picture is full of sun, but no painter, not even Rubens, yet managed to make us accept a nude figure with a hat on. Hawthorne's "Padrone" and his "Fishman" are interesting pieces of workmanship and admirable studies in expression somewhat akin to Mademoiselle Breslau's children (in Room VII.).

If you like Willette's manner, you will greatly enjoy his Montmartre transposition of Rubens' "Kermesse" (Room V.); if you have not been "converted" yet you will think it harsh and vulgar. Willette all the time works for the happy few, although he seems to appeal to the crowd. Madame Madeleine Lemaire (same room) leaves her flowers to show men how they should paint a nude, gracefully and forcibly. Friesseke (Room VI.) is all charm and distinction with his pretty subjects, pink tones in numberless values, and pointed witty touch.

Cottet (in Room VII.) resumes for the twentieth time his old subjects, the church at Camaret and the Port of Douarnenez, and he certainly never was and will never be more powerfully simple. The houses in the old port actually seem too real for the frame of a picture. Cottet is a very great artist. How regretfully we look back to his exhibits of 1905 and his "Cathedral of Segovia" on seeing the same subject treated by Prinnet—no mean painter either—so much less suggestively.

Raffaelli's landscapes, Glazebrook's and Ablett's portraits, and above all the late Boutet de Monvel's "Jugement"—an admirable procession of monks—in Room VII.; Friant's portrait of M. Sébastien Laurent in Room IX. are in the best manner of their authors, and the latter work is probably the finest man's portrait in the Salon. If I had more space I should like to devote some to Damoye and la Touche (in Rooms XVI. and XVII.), but it is impossible not to mention "l'Ultima Ora di Cristo" (Room XV.) by Carolus-Duran. It is only a sketch, but so spirited in design, so vivid in colouring and so dramatic as a whole that it produces as much effect as if the old painter had had the leisure or energy to finish it. The rush of devotion and love towards the hillock on which the cross stands by itself is more than mere painting even of rare value. One hopes that this effort of Carolus-Duran, so different from his usual productions, is not a sort of farewell to Art.

THE BLACKCOCK.

BY EDMUND SELOUS.

AND so, whilst the modern representative of the Laird of Balmawhapple (true sportsman-naturalist, if ever there were one, as we know by his favourite song*) tells us of the way in which the amorous male of *Tetrao tetrix* "foots it" before his assembled hens, in order to captivate them, and whilst his more academical brother endeavours to show that the so-called "dance" or "play"—the "spel", "lek", "balz", "walze", as it is variously called in Scandinavia—is not really a love-antic at all, but, more properly speaking, a minatory one, by which rival males endeavour to frighten each other, the hens merely waiting around to go off with the one which shall show, or best threaten to show, his superior martial prowess etc.—whilst this "baseless fabric" of discussion still goes on, something quite different from the facts, as reported by the one party, and thus weakening the force of the theory founded upon them, as so reported, by the other, is going on yearly side by side with it. Perhaps if the hen were courted, as sportsmen tell us she is, she might act as learned professors (relying on their testimony) tell us she probably does act, but since she really is courted in quite another way and acts quite otherwise, all that one can say with assurance is that professors might have shown sagacity if sportsmen had had observation. As it is, they can only now apply this quality (should they really possess it) to a state of affairs so different, and pointing so plainly in the direction of sexual selection that the more it is developed the more it must puzzle them to avoid embracing a doctrine to the rejection of which they have for the most part committed themselves. In such a dilemma (or, indeed, in any) truth becomes a minor consideration; the major one is to get out of it. One way of doing so is to go on writing as if the observations to which the dilemma is owing had never been made; and so popular, indeed, is this plan, and so successfully has it been pursued, that to all intents and purposes they might just as well not have been. For, being ignored in just those works which ought manifestly to refer to them, it is naturally assumed that there are none such to refer to, so that even should they, some time hereafter, be disinterred and re-brought to light, no one will be likely to pay further attention to them as being against such a mass of authority. Authority therefore has the best of it, nor, if due care be exercised, need it suffer hereafter through a tardy working out of the principle "*magna est veritas et prævalebit*", since, when deemed advisable, the want may be made good, without acknowledgment, in a second or further edition. Truth, indeed, is by this means a little retarded, but it may be said in apology that it cannot in the long run be injured, nor need it, in fact, be now, except negatively, or at most inferentially; for after all the accounts "which have always hitherto been accepted (and should not, perhaps, too lightly be questioned)" of "these most interesting activities" contain facts which, apart from their interpretation, are true enough, and with a little selection may well bear repeating. Much, indeed, it must be admitted, can be said (for much has been said) about the courting habits of the blackcock without really mentioning them, as will be seen in the following paragraphs, which differ from others, on the same subject, merely in the matter of naming and defining—not in the matter itself.

What is (we have seen what it is not) the dance, as it is called, of the blackcock? It is a martial demonstration, called forth by feelings of rivalry, but become, or becoming, a form. When, in the first dusk of the morning, the males, who are often then by themselves, begin to be visible on the courting-ground, one or other of them may be seen to make a short flight low over it, and from the impetus of this, as it were, upon coming

down give one or two leaps into the air. He will then stand or walk about quietly, but recommence after a longer or shorter interval, either in the same way or with a run, or else without any preliminary. With the leap, but not before it, and generally when the bird is in mid air, a cry is uttered and the wings are strongly flapped; and though this does not make a very wonderful performance, still it is sufficiently striking, and, as a collective display, when indulged in by several birds at once, very effective indeed. The cry is a very fierce sound, often ending in a sort of hiss. "Tchu-whai" or "teer-whay" or "kee-kee" it may at different times be rendered, but sometimes it either passes into or its place is taken by a deep prolonged "chorrrr". There may be some fighting as well as leaping, but very much more often it is the make-believe of it only which the birds practise, the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war", underneath which the latter is more or less smothered. Thus one bird, in a series of swelling advances, alternated perhaps by little flights, leaving his own territory, will come down into that of another, whom he seems to distinguish from afar as a foe man worthy perhaps in the last resort of his steel, and at all times of his bravado. The latter advances to meet him in a similar spirit, and the two, lowering their heads, stand for a little with their bills almost touching, and then enter into a brave show of things, in which leaping up against one another, grappling, kicking, striking with the wings, everything, in short, that things may eventually come to, is not obscurely shadowed forth. Exhausted at length, but still undaunted by such courageous threatenings, the two braves again stand front to front, and with swelling throats "roor", "rookle", "whirble", as though each felt the gladness of victory. So high do their hearts now rise that they may even go the length of attacking each other; but this brings them both to their senses, and they instantly desist—one to retire to his own location, the other perhaps (should there be one at hand) to fly into a tree—and so, "like the lightning in the collied night", it is over almost before one can say "it lightens". There are indeed battles a little more heroic than this, but this is like a very great many, and he who has watched them without prepossession, and with the power of seeing things not in accordance with ordinary written statement, if they are not, in fact, in accordance with it, must recognise that in the blackcock, considered as a warrior, something—nay much—is wanting. It is not that he is all a simulacrum, that he will never be doing. There is real defiance, real aggression, pecks, kicks and wing-buffetings of the most vigorous description are, in very truth, delivered, but all this lasts as a rule but for a few seconds and then sinks (or shall we say rises?) into show and parade again.

Such then (to return) is the ordinary leaping-bout of the blackcock, which only in exceptional instances is intensified into that frenzy, that whirlwind, that actual madness of motion, accompanied with cries that seem those of a maniac, which, once seen, can never be forgotten. But all this is not for the hen. A cock who behaves like a berserker looks extraordinary; but again it must be insisted upon he does not, he cannot look well-dressed. Rather, he looks dishevelled, rumpled—presents an untidy appearance. In this perhaps—"yea and most like"—we have the ultimate, the bedrock reason why this brilliant fandango of his, with all its swing, its abandon, its brio, is yet not admitted as an act of true homage, why it makes no part of "the wooing o't". For this something less "tempestuous"—not quite so disarranging—has been reserved; but it may be asked why the first (even if incorrectly reported) has at least been heard of, and the other apparently not. The explanation perhaps is that naturalists of the sportsmen class (and what other ones should be up at such hours?) have not been able to help seeing the "dance" because of the jumping, whereas this makes no part of the courtship proper, which is inconspicuous. What they have not seen therefore they have (rightly) not talked about, and what they have they have misinterpreted.

* "If up a bonny black-cock should spring,
To whistle him down, wi' a slug in his wing, . . .
Right seldom wa'd I fail."

See "Waverley", chap. xi. Doubtless the Laird observed the bird before shooting it—et sic de ceteris.

THE BED.

(Le Lit. "De Hérédia.")

HUNG though it be with linen or brocade,
 Sad as a tomb or joyful as a nest,
 Here man is born, here mated, here takes rest,
 Babe, husband, grandsire, grandam, wife or maid.
 Be it for bridal or for burial sprayed
 Under black crucifix or palm-branch blest,
 From the first dawn till the last candle drest,
 Here all things made beginning, ending made.

Low, rustic, shuttered . . . proud of a pavilion
 Victorious in gold-leaf and vermillion,
 Hewn from brute oak,—cypress or sycamore—
 Happy who lies without remorse or dread
 In the paternal bed, immense and hoar,
 Where all his folk are born, where all lie dead.

SANDYS WASON.

THE PRECISSIAN.

AGAINST the precisian in ethics, the man who has precise limits to his moral possibilities and abides within them, no one has a right to cast a stone. Not that he would mind if everybody cast stones. He knows he is right, or thinks he knows, which for practical purposes comes to the same thing. And in justice his neighbours should bless him. They always know where to find him when once they have ascertained his limits, and what a comfort that is! If only he will not try to impose his fences on his neighbour's backyard he is a perfect man to live next door to. Such imposition is his foible. But even so he's a better man than most of us, who are too apt to attempt to get our neighbours to adopt our limits long before we have quite made up our minds exactly where we are going to put them.

Nor are precise manners by any means contemptible. Starched etiquette is not in itself bad. Wash away with comfortable warm water the starch, and the fabric is apt to be damaged. The nation that has no manners is likely soon or late to have customs very beastly. Nations have of course had delightful manners and deplorable morals; indeed it is not easy to mention a nation which shone in both departments—a nation of Sir Charles Grandisons. That was not the fault of their manners.

But the precisian in speech is a dreadful affliction to an imperfect world. Not so much the man who insists on form: he is a nuisance—like a starched collar, bearable as the correct thing, erring on the right side—but the faultless monster who insists on veracity, who rebukes exaggeration even when humorous, who considers it falsehood to "give your stories a cocked-hat and a walking-cane". That faultless monster the world very often sees and finds him hard to suffer.

He is right—one meekly supposes. Speech, if narrative, should be an exact statement of carefully ascertained fact. Epithet should be barred to all but the master of the Word. No one should say it was a beastly day because it was foggy and rainy. What have fog and rain of the beast? They don't agree with him, and that's all. Good people all with one accord own that the exact man is right and admit that he is a nearly intolerable nuisance. Lamb's valuing himself on being a matter-of-lie man was wisdom. The lady in one of Mr. James' novels who said "I, thank God, lie well!" was right in her practice and in her thanksgiving.

The still widespread shade of Johnson causes the heretic to shudder as he comes within it. Johnson who "inculcated upon all his friends the importance of perpetual vigilance against the slightest degrees of falsehood". Who would say "It is not so. Do not tell this again". Who permitted Boswell to snub Mrs. Thrale for saying an old woman and not an old man had told a story. (Boswell, by the way, "pre-

sumed to take this opportunity in the presence of Johnson". Where was Thrale? Would Boszy have "presumed" in his presence?) But this Johnson was the great moralist. The other Johnson, the Johnson we know and love, said wisely "If I say there's no fruit here and then comes a poring man who finds two apples and three pears and tells me 'Sir, you are mistaken', I should laugh at him; what would that be to the purpose?" What indeed?

In describing events etc. for the guidance of others, no doubt exactness is very necessary. In gossip, of which every man's and woman's conversation must largely consist, it is a duty. A duty so generally neglected that some people think there ought to be no gossip. That is Spartan counsel. If people would only ask themselves the three questions "Is it true, is it kind, is it necessary to repeat?" gossip would be all good. But, "Ah! Matron, which of us does?" So far everyone may agree. But when it comes to ordinary talk, to expression of opinions which are not meant to give law to others, to description of what you saw or failed to see in your holidays, or your workdays, to repeating stories to the point or because amusing, "My tongue is mine ain", True Thomas said; "A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!" A goodly gift indeed. A utilitarian burden grievous to be borne.

The precisian makes apparently two great mistakes. If talk for talk's sake, solely to shorten an otherwise dreary hour, be a sin, so be it. We are all miserable sinners, and without it we could not make sure of sinlessness, but might be quite confident of greater misery. If talk is to be permitted at all, the precisian would, we suppose, begin by allowing the two talkers each to express the opinions he was quite certain of. The two would probably agree. Then each would tell the other his adventures since their last meeting, as far as he knew—no guessing, says the precisian—they would interest. That, in most cases, would not take long. Then in amœbean speech they would narrate any news which they knew was true, mentioning their informant, where they met him, whether it was under a lamp-post or on the top of a 'bus. Then they would exchange stories, exactly as they got them, with details as before, of who told it to them and which club armchair he occupied at the time. They would part, sadder if not wiser men. But supposing they met the next day. How then? The opinions could not be repeated. No one gets a fresh opinion—of which he is sure—in twenty-four hours. Therefore no opinions. Very few people get an adventure every day, let alone one interesting to others. Therefore no adventures. Yesterday's news contradicted. No news. One story perhaps between 'em worth repeating—an impossibly liberal daily allowance. What are they to talk of for the rest of the hour? The precisian forgets that most men meet often, and that if they are to stick to facts they will soon have travelled over each other's knowledge.

The second omission he makes is that he allows no scope for the amenities of conversation. Your brilliant man shall, in the telling, make a tube journey interesting. Is he to be restricted to a plain statement that he did in fact go by the Bakerloo? And in stories especially, all, or very nearly all, is in the telling. A, let us say, is a great and skilful raconteur. He meets B, a humorous but tongue-tied duffer. B tells him, very badly, a very good story. A sees its points, sees what he himself could make of it. Shall he not retail it to C in all its new glory? Is he not to be allowed to say "B told me a good yarn" and give his own version? Certainly he is. So doing he pleases himself by good work; "The job which the bungling hangman begun, this time, I think, was properly done", he reflects glory on B, to whom, like a liberal gentleman, he gives the credit (B would have told it so if he had the wit) and he amuses C.

The fact is that a story well told is nearer the truth, the absolute truth, than a shambling statement of what a man has seen. If not exactly as it was, that is how it ought to have been. It used to be narrated of a late bishop that in the schools at

Oxford the examiners fell foul of a word he used as "Not Greek". He replied that "If not, it ought to be". The examiners considered the plea, admitted it, and he emerged triumphant. That story is rather suspect to some. Compliance of that kind sounds more like a tutor than the schools examiners. So the story descended however. Would it be any better if the precisian by "poring" discovered the exact facts?

And there is another point the precisian forgets. No sane person takes opinions, gossip or stories without pecks of salt. So pickled they are quite innocuous, and give pleasure to many. Either let us all turn Trappists or leave us our little infidelities.

"JANE"—SNOB!

By R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

IT is well known that critics are like sheep. Because we are instructed to admire Jane Austen, almost accepting the appreciation of her work as a standard of culture, no one has even troubled to discuss her limitations. Wherefore the following extracts "from the diary of a young lady"—who after all is not aggressively modern—may be read with interest.

I have been reading Jane Austen—for the first time. She is an amusing writer who does not disgust one by dwelling on crime or worry us about our souls. There is much to interest one in each of the six novels; but frankly I do not at all understand why she has been so much admired. Certainly she seems to be quite out of date.

It is a good thing that nowadays girls have more to think about than officers and landed gentlemen, or even curates. Jane Austen's heroines may be ladies, but they are very frank about wanting husbands, and not one of them shows any interest in life apart from men. In every case the story leads up to marriage, and then stops. On the other hand, we learn nothing of love or passion from these novels. The couples suit each other admirably in each case: the time occupied, and the misunderstandings removed, in discovering this fact make up the plot. Our feelings remain impassive; our knowledge of sins or sublimities possible to human nature is not increased.

I am tempted to believe, for example, that Elizabeth was dazzled by Pemberley; Jane's affection for Bingley was purely domestic; Emma thought Knightley a model house-master; Catherine adored intellect because she had none. Fanny Price was a mere doormat; Elinor could never have painted her Edward in glowing colours; if Anne proved exceptionally faithful, her faith was not inspired by an ideal.

The fact is that no character in Jane Austen ever escaped the bondage of parochial pre-occupations. Her families are all of one type, the narrowest that ever revealed how trivial an affair we can make of life. They are hopelessly genteel and countrified; busy about their neighbours' affairs; childishly exclusive; and always intent on being correct. No one ever ventures beyond his own set, to rise or to fall. They have no ambitions, no dreams, and no regrets. "The others" simply don't count.

These good people apparently never met anyone who wrote a book, painted a picture, made a speech, or held an opinion. They never discuss politics or religion; they never travel; they never read. They always sit down to "a dinner of two courses"; and retire early. I cannot imagine more finished pictures of life in small towns, where people simply exist; or a more accurate analysis of the eternal snob.

The snobbery of Jane Austen, indeed, is far more subtle than Thackeray's, which may almost be called robust and self-conscious. Its influences are tacitly assumed everywhere, and wholly instinctive. The quality is there of itself, at the heart of all. We recognise it in the thousand and one minutiae of conduct which are "impossible" to ladies and gentlemen; in the conventional judgments on habits and morals; in

the standard applied without hesitation to each new acquaintance. A certain income, which should not be acquired in trade, is indispensable; so is that education which includes a few accomplishments and no knowledge or culture; so is that breeding which teaches courtesy to one's equals and condescension to the rest of the world.

The nice adjustment of the social balance is admirably illustrated by Emma's training of Harriet. The poor simpleton must be gently, but firmly, *detached* from undesirable acquaintances. She must *attach* herself to the curate, who may not think of Emma without presumption, or to the sprightly stepson of her grand friend's late governess. Here, obviously, the attitude is expressed crudely to raise a laugh, but the most "sensible" cannot escape it. Every person and every event is judged by appearances, by the position which it is possible to keep up, with or without effort. The aim is always a suitable establishment for your daughter, a good-looking bride for your son.

There is, however, one sign of hopefulness below the surface, which one may venture to suppose was intentionally introduced for those who have eyes to see. Without exception the young people in Jane Austen are far more intelligent than the old; the children are quite extraordinarily superior to their parents. We are inclined, therefore, to regard the supreme folly of Mrs. Bennet, Mrs. Dashwood, and Lady Middleton as Miss Austen's most delicate satire on her own work. They produced the condition of things which she depicts. As their children improved upon them so vastly, the next generation may even possess average intelligence and enjoy some glimpses of the larger life. It may be that after all our author is merciless because she is clear-sighted. But meanwhile, since she has elected to chronicle small-beer, we cannot feel a great deal of enthusiasm for so much detail upon the very portion of humanity we most despise.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DIVINITY QUESTION AT OXFORD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Post Latin Day, 1913.

SIR—Though I have usually voted in minorities all my life, I found myself last week in the Sheldonian Theatre a unit in the immense majority that voted non-placet. Most of its constituents seemed to have come by train from London and to wear lay garb. But we all hung our heads ashamedly as we filed past the Proctors, knowing that we should be described next morning in the Liberal papers as a horde of illiterate country parsons.

I am myself, alas, the actual thing, a Sir Topaz mossed over with clownish rusticity. But we are not all alike. As I look round me in this corner of a rural diocese and consider my nearest neighbours, within the ring of two miles, I find on my right a jurist of European note, on my left a patristic scholar who is also a skilled mechanic and an art collector, and in front of me the principal of a training college. The village three miles east of this had for rector till his recent death a theologian who had been Provost of a northern cathedral. Some miles further away, in olden days, Norris the Platonist, Collier the metaphysician, George Herbert the poet, and Richard Hooker the judicious were country parsons.

It would be, I grant, irritating to academic residents to be overruled by a crowd of outsiders on a subject about which they themselves have special and expert knowledge. But that can hardly be said of last week's issue, which was whether Oxford, whose motto is "*Dominus Illuminatio Mea*", is to remain, under the new conditions, an officially Christian University, or whether theology can be severed from faith. No one wants to inflict any unfair disability on theological students who are "not of this fold", and some plan may be offered for meeting their case. But I think

the proposal to make a distinction as between "Christian" and "non-Christian" is doomed to failure. It means 'undenominationalism' in excelsis. Also, on which side of the line will the Unitarians be placed?

Your obedient servant

MUS RUSTICUS.

THE PUBLIC AND THE SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Colonial Institute
5 May 1913.

SIR—Your correspondent K. T. B., when claiming the right of speakers on polemical subjects to be heard in Hyde Park, ignores the primary use to which this and similar spaces are intended to be devoted, viz. the recreation of quiet and law-abiding people (who avail themselves of this privilege chiefly on Sundays), and not to disgraceful orgies which would not be tolerated in any other capital in Europe. Orators are there only on sufferance, and when their appearance is calculated to provoke a breach of the peace, the authorities are not only justified in prohibiting them, but required to do so in the interests of public safety, including that of the speakers themselves. K. T. B. does not dispute that a suffragette platform in Hyde Park does attract thousands of ruffians from the East End of London, to whom the prospect of a disturbance is as a carcase to a vulture, and when this can be averted by the simple process of silencing a few silly women, surely this is a better course to pursue than parading Sunday after Sunday some five hundred police to grapple with a mob of more than ten times their number, a plan which would fail to secure the speakers a hearing after all. The hostile receptions accorded to "militant" suffragettes are due solely to their own intemperate outrages, which have estranged their friends, disgusted all respectable people, and given a handle to the rowdy element of this vast city which has been promptly grasped. The women have moreover put themselves out of court by their own proceedings, for the wrecking of public meetings, with the prevention of free speech, has from the first, even before the split between the militant and non-militant sections, been their chief weapon. It does not lie in the mouths of persons who (with the vigorously expressed approval of Mrs. Fawcett) interrupted a sitting of the House of Commons, and howled down Mr. Lloyd George at the Albert Hall, to protest against their own meetings being prohibited for very valid reasons. If K. T. B. is anxious to hear what these neurotic enthusiasts have to say, he will find their arguments stated and repeated ad nauseam in their own publications, and in letters addressed to the "Standard"; without running the risk of getting his hat bashed over his eyes, or having his pocket picked.

The suggestion conveyed in the latter part of Mr. Gibbs' letter to you on this subject is very pertinent; indifference and passive disapproval are mistaken for sympathy, and advanced as such in arguments in support of the "Cause". Easy-going and respectable people are themselves very greatly to blame for the deplorable pass to which things have come. One might suppose them to be of the way of thinking of the editor of the "New York Sewer", who soliloquised (for the benefit of Martin Chuzzlewit): "It is by such enlightened means as these, that the bubbling passions of my country find a vent!"

Yours faithfully

W. J. GARNETT.

MR. GEORGE'S BUDGET SPECULATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 May 1913.

SIR—There is one consideration about Mr. Lloyd George's Gambler's Budget which seems to have been overlooked. He has to provide for a deficit and he trusts to the expansion of business to make the shortage

good. He knows that by the time the next Budget comes round it will probably have to be handled by the Unionists. If things have not worked out as he suggests and a heavy deficit has to be provided for, he and his friends will point to the difference in Radical and Tariff methods of finance. New taxation will have to be imposed at once to make up for Mr. George's shortcomings. If he is in office he will cheerfully make the best of it: if he is out he will find a case against Tory finance. This is entirely in keeping with Radical practice. If the Unionists had been in office and had introduced Tariff Reform in 1906 or 1907 the rise in prices since would have been charged to Tory protection. A big deficit in a Tory Budget in 1914 would provide Mr. George with the sort of cry he loves to raise. This is Mr. George's little speculation in Budget futures.

Yours truly

OBSERVER.

THE PLUMAGE BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 S. Thomas' Mansions S.E., 1 May 1913.

SIR—In the SATURDAY REVIEW of 19 April the Secretary of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds writes of the endeavours made by her Society to dissuade women from wearing objectionable plumage, with—or so I infer from her letter—little appreciable result.

In view of this, it has occurred to me that it would be a good plan if this Society were to commence its preaching at home, and concentrate all its energies on the conversion of its Honorary Treasurer, the Right Hon. Sydney Buxton, President of the Board of Trade.

Yours very truly

MARY BUCKLAND.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—Time was when the fame of the SATURDAY was associated with the Girl of the Period. Half a century has gone by, and the SATURDAY may find more "copy" in the Girl of the Period now than then. One knows that in suggesting that the girl of to-day has not all the virtues her mother had one is inviting the retelling of the story of "Punch": "It is not as good as it used to be." "No; it never was."

But seriously, can we of the twentieth century regard our girls as our fathers regarded theirs? The change is obvious: it is written on the wall of every home. It began with Girtton and it has gone on from the particular to the general. Women were extremists ever: they love and they hate in extremes. They have conceived the idea that they should be placed on a footing of equality with men (as though Nature at the beginning of things had not decreed otherwise), and they show their unfitness for equality straightaway by excesses which only the male maniac would ever dream of adopting. They proclaim their intention to have the vote and they mean to get it by any means, however foul, short of taking human life. Therein they are not men's equals, for any man who could bring himself to place bombs in sacred places, who could wreck houses and public buildings and take action which might involve human life, would not dream of stopping short of murder if he deemed it necessary to the success of his cause. He would not adopt the cowardly course of endangering life whilst claiming credit for a desire not to take it. And if he were caught he certainly would not alternately whine that he was ill and boast that he would find means of making the penalty of his crime a tragic farce.

Why are not some of these women who, convicted of gross outrage, refuse to take food in prison, arraigned on a charge of attempted suicide? They might then be sent to a less pleasant place even than a prison for wilfully and of malice aforethought seeking to kill and murder themselves, as the Act has it.

The extraordinary, the absolutely incomprehensible, thing is that the Pankhursts and the Despard find

sympathisers and supporters among so many men and women who think they have been driven to their criminal courses by sheer despair. The sad thing is that they are the mothers, and are influencing the mothers, of the girls of the period. Happily the majority of the women of to-day and consequently of their daughters have not been bitten by the mad suffragist movement, but the number who have is perfectly appalling when we come to think of the effect on the future. A few years ago it was men's delight to discover that girls were taking a more lively interest in men's sports and men's work. The development gives cause only for regret to-day. Girls are not as modest as they were, they have not as full a meed of the womanly qualities and virtues as they had; marriage is coming to be regarded as intolerable bondage, and ideas of liberty which it is impossible to distinguish from licence are held and advocated by daughters who are no longer prepared to subscribe to the Ruskinian ideal of man for the State and woman for the home. What is called the emancipation of woman is having as disastrous results as the emancipation of the negro. Women are proving themselves as hopelessly unfitted to take up the citizen rôle as the negro to take his place among freemen. I have been an advocate for twenty years past of votes for women who have to discharge ordinary citizen responsibilities, but the experience of the last year has made me feel that it would never do to admit the thin end of a wedge whose other end when driven home is votes for all women. That a considerable number of men who should never have had a vote enjoy the suffrage is no argument in favour, on the contrary, it is an argument against, giving a similar privilege to the other sex who have shown their unworthiness in advance.

The deadly harm to us as a people which militant suffragism has worked may be seen any day by the casual wayfarer. Men have lost much of their old-time sensitiveness in their bearing towards the women with whom they are brought into contact in public places and in the home. Where was the man in times past who would remain seated in a railway carriage or an omnibus whilst a woman stood? To-day a woman, however delicate, however gentle, has to take her chance. Some time ago a friend of mine was in a motor omnibus, full of men, when a young woman got in. She clung to the rail swaying from side to side for some time. At last she looked with a rather sickly smile at the rows of seated men and said for the benefit of them all: "I am not a suffragette". The protest was eloquent, and might form the text of a whole essay on the decline of that chivalry towards woman which went to make up the charm and the romance of the old days. The girl of the period is claiming equality with the man of the hour, and womanhood pays the price. Women's "rights" are not only men's wrongs, they are women's also. If the militant movement is not suppressed, one trembles to think what the girl of the period will be twenty years hence.

Yours truly

A MERE MAN.

"SETTING THE THAMES ON FIRE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hove Sussex, 5 May 1913.

SIR—This phrase should be "He will never set the 'temse' on fire"; but it does not refer to the river Thames, or to any river, in its original form.

In the old days "temse" was a sieve used for corn, and it was worked over a utensil for receiving the sifted flour. An active man who worked very hard would often work the "temse" so rapidly that he set fire to the bottom wooden hoop; but an indolent fellow "would never set the 'temse' on fire". The phrase is used in the sense of that he will never make his mark in the world, and there have been various imitations of the phrase and play on the word "temse".

I am yours faithfully

B. R. THORNTON.

REVIEWS.

THAMES BOOKS.

"Thames-side in the Past." By F. C. Hodgson. London: Allen. 1913. 12s. 6d.

"On and Along the Thames. James I. 1603-1625." By W. Culling Gaze. London: Jarrold. 1913. 10s. 6d.

LONDON habitually neglects her river. There are times when, by an L.C.C. election for instance, her attention is drawn to her most precious possession: letters appear urging that some use, for profit or for pleasure, should be made of it. As for pleasure, few have the audacity to suggest private barges, such as were at one time used by men of every station from king to merchant. Though—why not? The twentieth century is not happy unless it smells petrol; but it might have motor-barges. And, though the river has not the appalling heart-shaking stench of petrol, it still "smells". But if this be impossible, say the letter-writers, let us at least have steamers. Surely, of the army of City men living between Hammersmith and Woolwich, some would prefer them to the tube or the motor-bus. Do we all resemble the Marquis de Cadenet, "being himself such a fresh-water sailor that he rather chose to go by coach than take the benefit of the river to Gravesend"? At least, they urge, let London have an occasional water pageant. Here is the finest path, certainly in London, probably in the world, for a procession. Pomp on the water is incomparably more stately and impressive than on land. We have the setting, the unmatched frame, and we never put a pump in it.

And then London goes to sleep again. The letters cease. Nothing is done. Below bridges, trade hums; above locks, pleasure halloos. And the Londoner walks from London Bridge to Chelsea and sees only a string of lighters, an empty steamer or two, and, if he be very lucky, the Thames Police boat. "No man", said Prince Henry, coming from Raleigh at the Tower, "but my father would keep such a bird in a cage." No city but London would keep such a river only to look at.

But, to do her justice, London still publishes books about her river. The literature of Thames is enormous, which, considering the space the river fills in the history of England, is not matter for surprise. And here are two new books, each in its different way a welcome addition to add to the mass.

Mr. Hodgson, in the preface to his book, tells us that when he, who has lived fifty years at Twickenham, has lectured before the Twickenham Literary and Scientific Society, he "generally chose a subject connected with some of the notabilities of the place or neighbourhood". "The papers in this volume . . . are the fruit of my studies in preparing the lectures."

One paper, on "Optimists and Pessimists", well worth reading, sane and sensible, is only connected with Twickenham as taking the optimist's position from the "Essay on Man". Two, on Radnor House and the palaces of Richmond, treat of old buildings. With the usual perversity of mankind, we are most interested in the palace, of which pictures exist, but which was probably never built. Mr. Hodgson has a charming paper on La Belle Hamilton, "the presiding genius of the Hampton Court Gallery". In spite of her slightly malicious turn, we have always been her humble servants, and were delighted to hear from Mr. Hodgson that no one is bound to believe the silly story that Grammont was compelled by fighting Hamiltons to marry her. Matrimony was certainly not one of Grammont's habits, but we prefer to believe that she was, even to him, quite irresistible. She was much too good for him, but she turned him into a passably respectable old gentleman. She shines a swan among the dubious ducks of Whitehall and Versailles.

The rest of Mr. Hodgson's papers are on the people of the eighteenth century, on Gray, Hannah More and

the Garricks, on Sir John Hawkins and Paul Whitehead (to both of whom posterity has been unjust), on Cambridge—not the University, but “the everything”; on minor celebrities of whom we are glad to hear more, and on the great Twickenham Triad, of whom we can never hear enough, Pope, Lady Mary, and Horace Walpole.

Mr. Hodgson is, we think, especially just. He admires, but his swans are not all swan: he sees the faults. He “still believes Pope to be a genuine poet”, and “cannot but remonstrate” at unfair criticism. But he sees that some of Pope’s is very easy writing. He admits that “vanity, extreme bitterness of language, and disregard of truth were undoubtedly among Pope’s besetting sins”. But the first was, in Pope’s circumstances, natural, the second “universal in that age, both in literature and (as it still is) in party politics”, and the third “is sure to follow the other two”. Mr. Hodgson prefers to “get out of the unwholesome atmosphere of political and literary malevolence”, and “finds much to attract us in Pope’s daily life, his domestic and social pieties, his friendships, and his loves”.

In Walpole Mr. Hodgson sees faults that others are not prepared to admit. But he “cannot altogether withhold his esteem and admiration”, for he sees as well “his patience, his benevolence, and his sympathy for the sufferings of others”. He falls deservedly foul of Macaulay’s absurd caricature, but one may hope that no one now goes to Macaulay for impartial estimates of character.

Poor Lady Mary comes off worst. Mr. Hodgson thinks it “perhaps unfortunate that she ever came here”, to be fallen on by the two wasps, Pope and Walpole, and is afraid he “shall not be able to show that she was an exemplary or amiable lady”. But he sees her splendid courage and her genius. “Exemplary” she was not; of the lack of “amiability” we are not so sure. Byron is against Mr. Hodgson. “I admire her so much that I should” blame her “reluctantly”. He quotes her lines, and breaks out: “There, Mr. Bowles, what say you to such a supper with such a woman? Is not her ‘champaign and a chicken’ worth a forest or two? Is it not poetry?” But probably Byron and Mr. Hodgson would differ, *toto celo*, as to the qualities that made a woman “amiable”. Or perhaps Mr. Hodgson only means that she could be uncivil. Eighteenth-century humourists, born in the purple, generally could. It is amusing to read that the tradition Miss Hawkins had received, the ladies of Twickenham version, of the row royal between Lady Mary and Pope, was that it arose from “the return of a borrowed pair of sheets unwashed”. *Tantæne animis?*

The plates in the book are well chosen from portraits and old views. We demur a little to that at page 39, from Paston, “Mr. Pope in his garden”. It is the garden sure enough: the five acres “twisted and twirled and rhymed and harmonised”. But, is it Pope? It is a tall man, with shapely legs, in black with a big wig and what seems to be a band. We think it must be Warburton. It would be so like “the most impudent man living” to “group” himself (Mrs. Proudie’s phrase) in Pope’s chair, in Pope’s grotto, in Pope’s attitude hand to forehead, and palm himself on posterity as “Mr. Pope”. The book is very well printed, with a quite sufficient index.

In Mr. Hodgson’s book Thames is the background. Sweet Thames runs softly till his subjects end their song, and, alas, their scandal. In Mr. Culling Gaze’s Thames is protagonist. All classes of men, king and waterman, beggar and lord, swarm on his broad bosom, but they are there, like the figures in an architect’s foreground, to show off the river. Mr. Gaze feels that “the history of the famous river and its shores ought to be written”. But “only the genius of a Gibbon could give the full dignity and pageantry to the subject”. Mr. Gaze “attempts to tell the portion of the tale during the days of the first of the Stuarts”. It is a wise choice. The period is manageable: London, of which part of the river Mr. Gaze writes most, was

full of notable men. Thames, as may be judged from Mr. Gaze’s own etchings after Visscher’s “London” (about 1616), was at his most picturesque. Above all, he was at the full tide of his activity, sending gentlemen adventurers to the ends of the world, bearing half London in quest of gain, and the other half in quest of pleasure, the people’s highway as well as the King’s, the fitting approach, as has been said, to the realm of the Ruler of the Sea.

In the “Publishers’ Announcement”, Mr. Gaze’s book is said to be “the outcome of many years of deep and exhaustive research”, and we can well believe it. Seldom have we met a book on any subject within our scope which told us so much that we did not know. And Mr. Gaze selects so well that he tells us exactly what we want to know.

In the first chapter Mr. Gaze brings us down from the foot of the Cotswolds to Queenborough, noting by the way towns and villages as they were in the early days of the seventeenth century, monuments, notables, customs, even extracts from church registers. The other chapters treat of Royal Residences, Court Life, Religious Life, Life of the People, State Affairs, Government, Naval and Military Affairs, the Watermen, Commerce and Trade, Pleasure and Sport, Lord Mayors’ Days—all “along the river”. A mighty maze but not without a plan, for Mr. Gaze gives us an index of places and persons, and a list of “works consulted”. But the field is huge: every page contains something of interest. Where can a reviewer begin?

Perhaps with the King. The eight Royal abodes from Windsor to Greenwich saw James perpetually fidgeting backwards and forwards from one of them to another. He would kill a buck with his own Royal hands (and “blood” his favourites, a mark of favour they were not allowed to wash off) at Windsor in the morning, and sup at Greenwich at night. We wish we could say that “Nature formed the highway for the King”. But James in his lifetime received his good things, his “uncomely drinkings”, and compliments of “British Solomon”. To posterity, James is an “unhappy figure”. He looks best on Thames. His poor dear legs, which “ever walked circular”, are at rest. He cannot fall out of his barge as he does off his horse, or, “trying to pass the Queen”, get kicked by her mount. And we are on the bank and see his State, and do not hear him “speak full in the mouth”. On 4 May 1611 he, went to Whitehall to settle some matter connected with the Mint. Viscount Fenton wrote from Greenwich: “The King will be at Whitehall at eleven instead of two. The parties are to be there in time, as the King is unpleasant when he must attend the coming of others”. He is “unpleasant” still.

We meet better men on the river: Bacon entreating Phineas Pett to attend the bringing of a masque by water to Whitehall, which masque came to grief, and Prince Henry coming, indignant, from visiting Raleigh, and our old friend John Taylor the water-poet, and Arabella Stuart, who really, when she had “drawn a pair of great French fashioned hose over her petticoats”, made a better man than James. Except Democritus Junior on Grandpont (Folly) Bridge, we hardly miss an old friend, and we make many new ones.

Pageants, laws—it is illegal “to saw or scratch for barbel” at London Bridge, be it noted—Quicquid agunt homines etc. “The pure air of Limehouse” is recommended for invalids. Things are different under George—King George we, of course, mean.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

“The French and the English.” By Laurence Jerrold. London: Chapman and Hall. 1913. 7s. 6d. net.

MANY attempts have been made of late years to bring home to us the distinct national characteristics that separate us from our French neighbours far more effectively than those twenty miles of sea that flow

between Dover and Calais. Mr. Laurence Jerrold has had many an opportunity of observing France from the standpoint of a Paris correspondent of an English newspaper, and he has certainly grasped many phases of French life which have escaped more superficial observations. If however he has gone deeper he has perhaps committed himself to assertions which Frenchmen who know their country well will be disposed to criticise. It is scarcely true that the French are the most homogeneous people in Europe. They may appear to be so to those who know Paris and the North of France, especially as government is so thoroughly centralised and there is but little demand for local autonomy except perhaps amongst those Bretons who have embraced the Pan-Keltic movement. There is however quite as great a difference between the Picard and the Marseillais in language and in disposition as there is between the Northumbrian and the man of Kent.

It may be true that the Academician and the labourer speak the same language or something very similar in Paris and in the towns; but those who have travelled in the Lozère or in the Pyrenees, where the old "Langue d'oc" or the French patois of the Basque country is spoken, often find it impossible either to understand what is said or to make their meaning clear to the peasantry. Of course the difference is greater still in those parts where only Breton or Basque is spoken. The casual observer may not perhaps note much difference between a French gentleman and a "commis voyageur", and yet their manners and views of life are as far asunder as the poles. There is also less brutality amongst our own railway porters than in the same class in France, whose demoralisation grows steadily as secular education spreads and the refining influence of Christianity is replaced by a creed in a false equality. The author is perhaps more at home when he deals with the French politician, who is probably better known to the journalist than any other class of Frenchman, but he is rather ingenious when he argues that the English politician is the professional whilst the Frenchman is the amateur; for there is just as much heredity in French politics as in English, at least in those families which have handed down Radical principles from father to son since the days of the French Revolution amongst what is now popularly known as the "Aristocratie de la guillotine". He is also thoroughly at home when he discusses the corruption of the French Press, where men are prepared to write against their political convictions at a moment's notice; where confirmed Socialists edit Conservative organs, and where men who vote regularly for either Conservative or Moderate candidates are frequently to be found on the staff of Radical-Socialist papers.

The author touches on far more debatable ground when he criticises the great classical poets. It may often be true that men like Racine and Corneille suffer from the artificiality of the age in which they lived, and that some of their finest verses are sadly deficient in genuine poetry. It is impossible to solve this question as Mr. Jerrold attempts to do in one short chapter; but it is a mistake to argue that a poet like Verlaine has more poetic instinct than the great men of the century of Louis XIV. or even than such a modern artist as Victor Hugo. The latter has written far too much to allow even his most fervent admirers to claim that he has always been a poet in the best sense of the term, and no one can deny that his verses are often turgid and even senseless; but his best perhaps stand far above Verlaine's most inspired lines. It is easy enough to find much to criticise in a writer so ambitious as is the author, but it must be recognised that he has brought home to us many phases of French life and more especially of French thought which have been ignored by those who have attempted to make us understand the peculiar genius of the French people. As he, however, truly argues, the French know themselves far better than we can pretend to know ourselves.

"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN."

"The Silence of Men." By H. F. Prevost Battersby. London: Lane. 1913. 6s.

"Every Man's Desire." By Mary Gaunt. London: Laurie. 1913. 6s.

CONCERNING "the white man's burden" much has been written in the past, and there is doubtless more to come. The rule of the few over the many, of the superior over the inferior, of the pale over the dark, is a thing which contains in itself all the elements of romance, and yet it is full of very grim reality. These two novels by Mr. Battersby and Mrs. Gaunt give us just one aspect of the lives of those who have gone forth to govern the brown and black races, but both have this merit that they are written by persons who, understanding the question, have the gift of words, and it would be difficult to say how rarely the combination of qualifications is to be found. In "The Silence of Men" the core of Anglo-Indian life is summed up as "gay pretence". In a few astonishingly vivid pages the author shows us the big picnic party at which white men and white women make merry in an effort to forget for a few hours the crowd which surrounds their little enclosure. Mrs. Gaunt, in her West African novel, tries to tell us something of the same kind, for even in the worst circumstances there is still the effort to play the child's game of pretending. For this state of affairs both authors give us the same reason, and Mr. Battersby may be allowed to speak for the two. "In the old days", he writes, "when there were only our men in India and women of no account, we mixed with the people like every other conqueror; but with the coming of the steamship and the mem-sahib the hedges began to be planted and the railings run up, till British India, instead of being a blended part of the country, has come to mean those little imitation Englands inside ring-fences where no Indian treads, having that sort of territorial sanctity an embassy lays claim to, very appropriate to a people, like ourselves, who are the ambassadors of Heaven." In each novel, with only a change of place as variation, it is admitted the weight of the burden has grown more awkward to bear since the arrival of the women, for the old task has lost its simplicity, and from all this there emerges the question as to whether it is never good for man to live alone.

Neither writer has, perhaps, consciously intended to force home a definite moral. They show us the wives who share the lives of their husbands even under the greatest difficulties, but along with them are those others—members of the "lady" class which Schopenhauer so scorned—who have neither the strength nor the will to take their part in the task appointed. Climate and country have, however, strong influence over character, and the descent of the weak into greater weakness is the theme of Mrs. Gaunt's tale. She herself has, we believe, experienced many of the hardships of the land of which she writes, and it is therefore far from her purpose to say that a land exists where there is no place for women. The alternative of a hybrid race, such as dominates practically the whole of South and Central America, is one peculiarly repulsive to the travelled English who have never recognised the unions of master and slave which are permitted in those countries where Roman law prevails. In the end it is difficult to say more than that Mr. Battersby and Mrs. Gaunt have raised an exceedingly interesting aspect of a familiar question, and that, indeed, is all that we should expect from them as novelists. Both of them accept the fact that the women of our race—the "lady", if one will—have now an inalienable right to follow the flag wheresoever it goes, and that in their train come all manner of complications which the man alone would have left behind at Liverpool, Tilbury, or Southampton. Above and beyond this there is a necessary difference of opinion, and we shall question in vain as to whether it is advisable that these things should be. India and Africa are certainly

no places for the woman who wants an extended picnic; she must stay at home to be a nuisance rather than go beyond the seas to become a positive danger, and these novels will serve a good purpose if they convey this lesson to their readers.

THE EVOLUTION OF STATES.

"The Evolution of States." By J. M. Robertson.
London: Watts. 1912. 5s. net.

THIS solid volume of nearly five hundred closely printed pages is not exactly a new book; it is "an expansion, under a new title, of one originally published under the name of 'An Introduction to English Politics'". But if a reader will compare its present with its original form he will, we are sure, agree that if the present title more correctly describes both its contents and its purposes it has gained much more than a mere change of name. Broadly, no doubt, the object, methods and conclusions of the writer are identical in the original and the expanded form, "to trace in older politics, home and foreign, general laws which should partly serve as guides to modern cases, or at least as preparation for their scientific study"; a contribution in fact worked out by concrete illustration and examination of detail in a selected subject-matter towards the "comprehension of historic causation in terms of determining conditions, the economic above all". But the value of any such attempt must rest primarily and ultimately on the solidity and breadth of the writer's knowledge, and the degree of confidence that he can inspire in an impartial and truth-seeking reader by the proof exhibited in his pages that throughout the process of inquiry has been really honest. We are all too prone to assume when we disagree with a serious contribution to a big subject on which unconsciously or consciously we flatter ourselves that we have both studied widely and thought as carefully as we are capable that with everybody but ourselves the process has been verdict first and then the evidence. For we all know only too well that nothing is easier in history than to find for others convincing proof of conclusions, which for ourselves at any rate really require no such evidential minuteness, precision and range. The evidence in short, unless it is presented in the right way, is the least important part of the matter. With this book however the presentation of the evidence in a fuller and expanded form is vital to our view of the writer's honesty. And the new edition of the treatise will convince, we are sure, a candid reader that, whether he agrees with or differs from Mr. Robertson's interpretation and conclusions, the writer is intellectually honest and has diligently sought for the truth. The mere amount of work, of reading, of knowledge that the new edition shows is impressive. Only those whose training and studies enable them to measure with some degree of accuracy the literature of the subjects covered can fairly appreciate the immense toil which underlies these pages. In these days of slipshod and superficial book-making, of reliance on the condensation of the article in a popular encyclopædia, and of the pathetic and disastrous superstition that knowledge of a subject can be attained by paying an expert to work, read, think and write and by swallowing at a gulp the predigested results of his toil, a writer who tackles his problems for himself and declines, no matter what the cost may be, to let anyone read or think for him save himself deserves our cordial respect and attention. Such a man's book, even if we conclude that the author has not succeeded in discovering all the truth that he set out to find and honestly thinks he has found, will always be a real contribution. Mr. Robertson's book is such a contribution. We profoundly disagree with its interpretation and its fundamental conclusions. These are in complete antithesis to the interpretation in Mr. Chamberlain's "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century", which has both in Germany and England attracted serious attention, but an interpretation which in our

judgment is far more unsound than that expounded with so much earnestness in "The Evolution of States". Those who have read Mr. Chamberlain know that his interpretation was based on a range of knowledge and study which were the joy and the despair of the reader. But as with Mr. Chamberlain so with Mr. Robertson, the student who mastered his book and did not feel that he had learned much, that the writer had repeatedly given him a new and disquieting point of view, that on every page he pulled him up and made him think and was grateful for the help and for the compulsory re-examination of his own position would be a student whom Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Robertson would rightly dismiss as not worth a footnote.

It is impossible here to attempt serious criticism of the detached historical exegesis on which Mr. Robertson's volume rests. Any answer worth the author's consideration would require a treatise as solid and as long as the book itself. Take however this paragraph as a sample from the chapter in which "the Culture Forces in Antiquity" are analysed and summed up: "Hence it came about that the Church, in itself a State within the State, was one of the three or four concrete survivals of antiquity round which modern civilisation nucleated. Of the four, the Church, often treated as the most valuable, was really the least so, inasmuch as it wrought always more for the hindrance of progress and the sundering of communities than for advance and unification. The truly civilising forces were the other three: the first being the body of Roman law, the product of Roman experience and Greek thought in combination; and the second, the literature of antiquity, in large part lost till the time we call the New Birth, when its recovery impregnated and inspired, though it also perhaps overburdened and lamed, the unformed intelligence of modern Europe. The third was the heritage of the arts of life and beauty, preserved in part by the populations of the Western towns which survived and propagated their species through the ages of dominant barbarism; in part by the cohering society of Byzantium. From these ancient germs placed in new soil is modern civilisation derived". This is a clear-cut and logical thesis. That both its analysis of the forces and the attribution of their specific contributions run counter to accepted or popular theories and hypotheses matters nothing. For if we have to re-write our histories because they are wrong, the sooner we pile up the scrap-heap of error and set out the truth the better. Mr. Robertson has no doubts. Ought we to have any? Let us suggest three out of many. "Always" in the above paragraph. In pre-heptarchic, heptarchic and Anglo-Danish England? In mediæval Germany? "Truly civilising." Is the development of an ethical code "a truly civilising force", and can you by any process, however Procrustean, get the mediæval ethical development out of the Roman Law, the literature of antiquity and the heritage of the arts of life and beauty and these three alone? Into which of the four categories are we to thrust mediæval scholasticism from Gerbert to Gherson and Wyclif and the mediæval university? And what of the Canon Law? Is it only an emasculated and reactionary form of the Corpus Juris Civilis? Where in the heritage of the arts of life and of beauty do we place a mediæval cathedral?

The core of the controversy in short does not lie in the conclusions but in the premisses. Given the premisses the conclusions are inevitable. But the premisses rest on the ascertainment of facts beyond dispute and on interpretation of those facts also beyond dispute. Mr. Robertson's premisses are derived from an interpretation of history which begins with Rome and covers the evolution of modern Europe to the end of the eighteenth century. It is quite certain that the specialists on these various historical phases will not and do not accept Mr. Robertson's interpretation in its entirety. It is probable and possible that the specialists are not always right. But a study of this book suggests that the specialists are always wrong or imperfectly informed or suffering from one or all of the many Idols of the Cave, Market Place and so forth to which we all.

including Mr. Robertson himself perhaps, are most lamentably subject, when their interpretation differs from that required let us say by so obvious and axiomatic a sociological maxim as that "civilisations flourish in virtue partly of natural advantages and partly of psychological pressures", and that conversely they have stumbled into truth when their researches properly edited provide convincing evidence for the laws of causation of which we are in search. In the courts of law it is always a triumph to turn by cross-examination a witness for the prosecution into a witness for the defence. In the philosophy of history the triumph and the fascination are even more attractive. But the method is dangerously double edged. It would not be difficult, it would certainly be intensely interesting, to call Mr. Robertson's witnesses and subject them to a carefully defined cross-examination for the eliciting of certain points and the suppression of all others, and then from their evidence alone on that cross-examination, without calling a single witness for the defence, to construct an "evolution of States" in which the premisses had dissolved into a bewildering series of extremely controversial hypotheses. That task however we must leave to the reader; it is a task moreover which Mr. Robertson by his courage and his learning has challenged rightly his readers to perform. If the answer is not what he will wish, Mr. Robertson must blame the court and console himself with the deplorable perversity that the "psychological pressures" of prejudice, superstition and ignorance still exert in the noonday of civilisation.

"A HANDY MAN."

"A Curtail'd Memoir of Incidents and Occurrences in the Life of John Surman Carden, Vice-Admiral in the British Navy, written by himself. 1950." By C. T. Atkinson. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d. net.

ADMIRAL CARDEN only began his autobiography in 1849, when seventy-eight years of age, and since he makes no mention of having kept diaries or notes, it is probable that this story of his life was written from memory at an age when the minor incidents of a man's early career may not always be recalled with precision. This will account for some of his references to regiments or ships employed on sundry expeditions being incorrect. The Editor has taken great pains to verify every general statement, with the result that, with the exception of such small slips as the foregoing, it is clear that the story of the Admiral's life is well and truly told. He commenced his service when, at the tender age of ten, he was gazetted an ensign in the Royal American Regiment and actually joined it. Apparently this was a provincial corps, styled the "Prince of Wales' Royal Americans", and not the well-known 60th Royal Americans (now the King's Royal Rifle Corps), which at that time was on permanent service in America and the West Indies. Carden's father commanded one of the battalions of this provincial corps, and had two brothers serving in it as well as his child. At the battle of Guildford Courthouse on 15 March 1781, where Lord Cornwallis defeated the rebels, the boy's father and an uncle were killed and the other uncle desperately wounded. Carden describes how he saw his father's corpse: "His death wound was by a Cannon Ball which drove the handle of his sword and part of his right hand into his body, the ball passing through". After this gruesome experience the boy returned to England, and a few years later entered the Navy. Here he had a most varied and adventurous career, commencing in the East Indies, where he took part in Cornwallis' campaign of 1791 against Tippoo Sahib, serving ashore with a small Naval Brigade of two boats' crews and two field-guns.

In 1793 he returned to England, and, owing to our being at war with France, on arrival at Spithead the sailors were not allowed to land, but were shipped off at once to other vessels after having been paid their

arrears, "being now over five years without receiving one halfpenny of wages". Small wonder that they mutinied the following year under such shameful treatment. Carden now sailed for the West Indies in the "Marlborough", 74, and was in Lord Howe's great victory of 1 June 1794. Some of the details of the close fighting on this occasion are of great interest. One result of the battle was to give him his promotion to lieutenant. On returning to Spithead they found the whole fleet in mutiny. He describes the grievances of the men, and admits that they were treated outrageously, and that their conduct was fully justified. This was not the case at the subsequent mutiny at the Nore, in Carden's opinion. In the Irish Rebellion of '98 Carden commanded a Naval Brigade of 200 seamen, and took part in the pursuit and slaughter of the rebels after Vinegar Hill, and records with gusto that "of my two hundred men, every man killed his bird and no mistake". A few months later we find him in the "Fishguard" frigate, 38, capturing the "Immortalité", a French 42-gun frigate, after a most desperate fight. In 1799 he took part in the Helder Expedition and saw more fighting. Almost immediately afterwards he was sent to blockade the French coast and render help to the Royalists in La Vendée, and had some lively experiences of boat work and "cutting out". In 1801 he was out at the Cape, where he picked up a regiment and conveyed them to the Red Sea to join Sir David Baird's expedition across the desert to the Nile, after which he saw service along the Arabian and Abyssinian coasts. The following year he was sent to Bombay, where, owing to "overstrained exertions in suppressing the awful Fire", he got "the fatal Disease of India", whatever that may have been, and was invalidated home.

After a few years in command of Sea Fencibles on the east coast of Scotland, he was sent to cruise off the Norway coast in quest of French privateers, and later on to join in the blockade of Cadiz after Trafalgar. His next adventure was when, in command of the "Ville de Paris" of 110 guns, he was ordered to Coruña to assist in the re-embarkation of Sir John Moore's army. The chapter describing this period is full of curious details. Sir David Baird was brought on board his ship and had his arm amputated at the shoulder-joint in Carden's cabin, talking meanwhile to his torturers. Soldiers were made of stern stuff in those days! Carden conveyed no fewer than 2000 soldiers and some of their unfortunate wives to England in his own ship, whose crew alone numbered 850. When in 1810 Wellington held the lines of Torres Vedras, Carden was actively employed with a flotilla of gunboats on the Tagus near Santarém.

The preceding is only an outline of Carden's career. In 1812 came the end of this most gallant sailor's sea service, for in that year he was given command of the "Macedonian" frigate of 46 guns, with which he most spiritedly attacked the American ship-of-war "United States", styled by courtesy a frigate. Being the better sailer of the two he could easily have avoided action, but he eagerly sought collision with her and caught a Tartar. The story is too well known to need repetition here, and has been the subject of perhaps more falsehoods than are usually considered permissible in the United States where an enemy is concerned. Briefly, the "Macedonian" succumbed to a vessel of over 50 per cent. heavier tonnage and of vastly more powerful construction, which fired a broadside of even greater relative weight and carried twice as many seamen. Small wonder that the court-martial most honourably acquitted Carden for his surrender.

What added to the bitterness of the blow for Englishmen at the time was the fact that the Yankee frigate was manned by many British seamen, and, worst of all, by seamen who had fought with Nelson in the "Victory" at Trafalgar. It but remained for a British publisher some years ago to employ, of all men, ex-President Roosevelt to write this painful chapter in the history of the British Navy! The chivalrous character of Madison, then the President of the States, is well evidenced by his threat to hang Carden, when a prisoner

of war on parole, in the event of the British executing a seaman who had deserted our service and joined the Americans! Blood was apparently a peculiarly thin fluid in 1812.

CHEERFUL PLATITUDES.

"The Open Window." By E. Temple Thurston. London: Chapman and Hall. 1913. 6s.

AN early poem by one of the most promising of our new "Georgian Poets" describes how the poet lay dreaming of his lady in a wood under a sunset, and how she came upon him there and dispelled the glamour by "quacking" inane remarks at him: "your flat clear voice beside me mouthed cheerful clear flat platitudes" are Mr. Rupert Brooke's actual words. The lyric has been running in the head of a reader of Mr. Temple Thurston's last work, which is not a novel, scarcely contains a story, and barely deserves the name of a book. It consists of the journal, or rather intermittent note-book, of an elderly clergyman who has recently been transferred from an East End parsonage to a country rectory, together with his wife and daughter.

Two things appear to have happened thereupon. In the East End he had doubtless been accustomed to keep his study-window shut; at Bramlingham he opens it. And he seems, further, to have discovered in his new-old home, or perhaps bought on the journey thither, some elementary Handbook to British Birds. He looks out of his open window and sees a bird in the garden: down it goes, with capital letters, in his note-book; and being a reverend gentleman, with an eye on next Sunday's sermon, he must perforce find a lesson or a moral in the bird's habits. "And for their quarrels, too, the Sparrows are abused. Those sudden, noisy bickerings in the hedges are always Sparrows settling their disputes. But I have known men and women—and do they make it up so soon?" And when the moral is not obvious he draws cunning parallels between his observation of birds and his observations of people: thus the cuckoo conveniently arrives simultaneously with a vagrant gardener, whom the reverend gentleman provides with employment until he gets drunk (the gardener, we mean) and goes back to the road: "What a good-for-nothing fellow he is, that Cuckoo—an inveterate wanderer without a home." And so on: until we are seized with a horrid fear that next year the clergyman will buy a book on insects, and derive from the Spider and the Ant a further series of cheerful clear flat platitudinous sermonettes.

We were nearly forgetting the story, the thin thread of romance that provides material for the birds to point morals therein. The reverend gentleman's wife dies of typhoid, which we trust was not caught through the open window, and his daughter comes home to look after her papa. Romantic sentiment is expected of Mr. Temple Thurston's work, and so he provides a young man, who is going to farm in Canada, and would take Diana, the said daughter, with him. But no! she must stay at home to look after papa. This gravels the young man, though his disappointment is coloured by admiration of her self-sacrifice; but, happily for romantic sentiment, papa happens to overhear his daughter's noble resolve. This eavesdropping is not due to the window being open. Then, of course, there is a heartrending scene; but the reverend gentleman has learnt the lesson supplied him by Nature—could he cage his bird? "I was quite alone. . . . There was not even the voice of a Robin to break the stillness of the country-side. But they will sing again. They will sing again next year." Finis.

The volume is illustrated throughout by a series of Mr. Charles Robinson's delicate drawings in black-and-white, which succeed better in representing birds than in presenting parsons or other people. Wherever Mr. Robinson's imagination has got the better of Mr.

Temple Thurston's observations, the result is delightful; but he has not succeeded in effecting this very often, and on the whole we are not surprised.

MORE AFRICAN MEMORIES.

"Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer." 1st Series. "Wanderjahre." By William Charles Scully. London: Fisher Unwin. 1913. 10s. 6d.

MR. SCULLY, the author of "By Veld and in Kopje" and other books steeped in South Africa, contributed some rambling leisurely memories, by the style of "unconventional reminiscences", to "The State of South Africa". This was an admirable journal, an instrument of real union in South Africa. It made much of local interest and memories. Readers of "The State" no doubt were amused to learn that in 1868 "the little town of East London was confined to the west bank of the Buffalo River mouth. Where the town now stands, on the east bank, there was not a single house in 1868. So far as I can recollect Tapson's Hotel was the only building between Cambridge and the sea". They may have been pleased to learn that among Mr. Scully's fellow-passengers to the Cape in 1868 was "Mr. D. Krynauw, who still enjoys life in his comfortable house just off Wandel Street, Capetown". Orbis terrarum remains more than usual calm before these revelations. Not that small beer and local interests, rightly tackled, are not a way of literature; the essayists (passim) have taught us otherwise. Mr. Scully rather takes his time than is self-denying. It is only on page 311 that we find him entering (as clerk or probationer to a resident magistrate) the Civil Service of the Cape, "cogged down", as he says, "as a little wheel in that clumsy, expensive, and circumlocutory mill which, consuming much grist but producing little meal, is still believed to be an indispensable adjunct to our civilisation." This is a dark saying, but we hear too little of South Africa from its own men who write, and our word to Mr. Scully is Marshal MacMahon's to the negroid cadet, "Continuez"—only at a slightly quicker pace. He was thirty-six years in the Civil Service. "Most of them have been spent in places as far as possible from the centres where civilisation reigns." Meanwhile what Mr. Scully calls his "Wanderjahre" has the whole first volume to itself, and recalls a Cape still untroubled by gold and diamond seekers, the Orange River seeming to many as the back of beyond, and all beyond it filled with glamour and mystery. These were cosy days—meat twopence a pound at King William's Town, most people poor, nobody a pauper, the poorest keeping horses, Mr. Scully's pony bought for £3, and grazing on the town commonage. You shot buck where you would; a farmer "no more objected to a stranger shooting buck on his veld than a gardener would object to one destroying a caterpillar". On his way through the Orange Free State Mr. Scully's party encountered immense herds of spring buck, and herds of wildebeest were common. But by then he was on his way to Kimberley—"Colesberg Rush" in those days—and the old South Africa was doomed. Early Kimberley was a cheerful place. The diggers came from the Cape Colony, many bringing their families; there were "cappies" and pretty faces by the camp-fires at night. The cosmopolitan crowd came later. Mr. Scully saw something of the Rhodes brothers, Herbert and Cecil. The latter is recalled as "long and loose-limbed with blue eyes, ruddy complexion, and light curly hair", kindly, absent-minded, "the larger part of his brain" apparently dealing with something of which no one else had cognisance. He who was so well known in after-years as "Colonel Frankie" joined the party, a charming youth awaiting his commission. Mr. Scully thinks that he was younger than Cecil. He was, in fact, some years older. Herbert, whose tragic death by burning is now for the first time told in detail, was the eldest, a far more trenchant person than his famous brother, lean, hatchet-faced, a great boxer, the unwearied pursuer of adventures. Of one adventure, the gun-running episode in Portuguese territory, Mr. Scully's version is true. Surprised by the Portuguese officials, Herbert Rhodes tied a rope to a cannon, a piece of twine to the rope, the end of the twine to a floating log, and flung gun and rope into the Mapeta River. The officials appeared, accused Rhodes, found no evidence, and apologised. But the Mapeta was unfortunately tidal, the stream went down, and there was the gun sticking out of the mud; and a Portuguese prison received Herbert Rhodes. Mr. Scully's account of early gold-mining in the Transvaal, before the Rand, is as picturesque but less cheerful than his Kimberley narrative.

SHORTER NOTICES.

How England Saved China. By J. MacGowan. London: Unwin. 1913. 10s. 6d. net.

Among the less amiable traits of Chinese civilisation are habits—in certain districts at any rate—of killing a proportion of female infants, and compressing the feet of those that are reared. Chinese doctors, moreover, though familiar with certain useful remedies, knew, before the advent of foreigners, nothing about surgery and quinine. The story how Mr. and Mrs. MacGowan set themselves to combat the first two evils at Amoy is interestingly told; and the experiences, respectively, of a male and female medical missionary give a graphic picture of difficulties overcome and of relief afforded when confidence had been gained. But the key is pitched too high. Every shriek of the tortured children, every horror connected with the murdered infants, every ray of medical beneficence is emphasised till one finds oneself wondering, almost, how China endured till England came to "save it"! Foot-binding is a cruel and senseless custom; but when one reflects how pertinaciously the maxim that *il faut souffrir pour être belle* has been preached in Europe one may be less surprised at its endurance. The causes at the root of female infanticide are deeper—the overmastering desire for sons, the cost of marriage, poverty involving a feeling that one may as well kill at once a child one cannot afford to rear and might be obliged to sell, etc. Public opinion has never altogether approved it, however, though viewing it with indifference; and the success of the author's attempt to stem it shows that there is latent a better feeling that may be appealed to. It is well to realise that the successes attained have been confined, so far, to certain districts; but it may fairly be hoped that the movement will spread. Opinion may not, as Mr. MacGowan is aware, be unanimous in this country on the question of sending missionaries to China; but the hesitancy does not extend to medical missions and, although his stories certainly lose nothing in the telling, they will find sympathetic readers in respect both of the good done and gratitude shown. King Charles' head, of course, obtrudes itself. We have the usual story of a treaty forced upon China "at the cannon's mouth"—a treaty "signed by English statesmen to the music of maddened guns [whatever they may be], with stalwart forms of soldiers dressed in red looking on, with firelocks in their hands, which insisted that opium should have free transit into every province of China", etc. The misfortune is that neither Mr. MacGowan nor any of his kind ever quotes this wonderful document.

"Mozambique: its Agricultural Development." By R. N. Lyne. London: Unwin. 1913. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Lyne was Director of Agriculture in Mozambique, and is now Director of Agriculture in Ceylon. He therefore writes with expert first-hand knowledge of the Portuguese possession with the added advantage of experience of tropical agriculture in a British colony. His book is of first-rate value to anyone who might be thinking of planting rubber or cotton, cocoanuts or tobacco in the province of Mozambique. It not only tells all that is necessary as to soil and temperature, labour, land laws, and the conditions generally, but it is written in a way, notwithstanding a few slips due to haste probably, which makes it delightful reading for anyone who studies tropical agriculture. Incidentally it carries with it certain warnings for the capitalist whose inclination is to put money into Portuguese East Africa. What Mr. Lyne says of cocoanuts and the method of estimating production per tree, and what he says of the possibilities of the profitable working and extent of the Landolphia vine should be carefully noted. Mr. Lyne's view is that what Nyassaland has done in tobacco-growing might be repeated in Mozambique. The book is full of most useful hints.

"Military Architecture in England during the Middle Ages." By A. Hamilton Thompson. Oxford: At the University Press.

This is a most interesting and valuable work, replete with information, and containing an excellent series of illustrations of some of our most famous castles and fortresses. The story is well traced out. It commences with a sketch of Roman fortifications, and then carries us on to the type of English castle in Saxon and Norman times. Incidentally, too, is recounted the system of attack and defence during those periods. Under Edward I. the system of defence is accompanied by the enclosure within defensive walls of areas and houses not originally intended for military purposes. Most interesting details of Carnarvon Castle, begun in 1283, and of Conway, in 1285, by Edward I.'s orders, are to be found in its pages. Indeed, hardly a famous castle in these

islands is missing from the illustrations and letterpress of this book. It is one which must appeal equally to soldiers and civilians who are interested in the many noble and picturesque ruins which adorn our countryside.

Messrs. Bell are issuing a cheap reprint of "Bohn's Popular Library". The volumes are to be published at a shilling each; and from an examination of the first twenty of the series we should say that Everyman must look to it. Bohn's library was started in '47. It includes scores of the best-edited reprints of the best books. The old price and format of the library go back to before the age of reprints at a shilling; and Messrs. Bell find it necessary to be level in price and format with the time. Hence this cheap re-issue—clearly printed, easily handled, of a size to fit into a moderate pocket. These first twenty volumes include Motley's "Dutch Republic", Emerson's "Works", Burton's "Pilgrimage to Mecca", Eber's "Egyptian Princess", Young's "Travels in France", Goethe's "Poetry and Truth". We have in this edition already entirely re-read "Don Quixote" and "Gulliver's Travels"; for it is the best of books of this weight and size that they are easily carried about, and read at odd moments when otherwise we should be fobbed off with a newspaper. We shall look forward to the next issue, especially to the magnificent series of translations. Bohn's translations were specially chosen by Emerson for "high commendation, praise, and love". This further invasion of good literature at a shilling will, we suppose, be another stitch in the shroud of the six-shilling novelist; but no one, except the six-shilling novelist, will regret that.

THE MAY REVIEWS.

The feature of the May Reviews no doubt is Mr. Maxse's somewhat daring experiment, to which we referred last week, in devoting the whole of the "National", apart from Episodes of the Month, to the Marconi Mystery. Other reviews hardly mention the subject. The "Nineteenth Century" opens a number of remarkably varied interest with an article by Mr. D. C. Lathbury on "The Failure of the Opposition". Mr. Lathbury wants the Opposition to come out with a constructive and competitive programme. "The Liberal Government has given the country a fair sample of the measures it intends to introduce and of the methods by which it hopes to carry them. It ought not to be impossible for the Opposition to show the electors with equal clearness how they propose to deal with the same problems and overcome the same obstacles". He argues that "the main element of Opposition success at a General Election must be a policy which covers as much ground as the Ministerial policy, and covers it to better purpose". The history of the Government since 1906 has been "one continuous record of benevolence which has missed fire". It ought, in Mr. Lathbury's opinion, not to be beyond the powers of an Opposition to submit a more tempting programme than the Government's to the judgment of the country. He is convinced that the Opposition has a great opportunity in the unpopularity of the Insurance Act, and that they should promise an amendment making State insurance voluntary instead of compulsory. That would hardly be an amendment; it would be a reversal. Mr. Lathbury refers to Tariff Reform, National Service, the House of Lords, and other matters, and complains not so much that Opposition proposals are bad as that none have been made with any title to be regarded as official. The article is almost a frank invitation to Mr. Bonar Law and his friends to adopt a programme aiming at the same ends as that of the Government, but proposing to reach them by different roads: it is a conclusion which makes us wonder whether the failure is not that of Mr. Lathbury rather than of the Opposition. Bishop Welldon follows Mr. Lathbury with some weighty thoughts on the Church and the Labour Party, and an appeal to Labour, in the changing social and spiritual conditions of the modern English world, to recognise that "the Church is properly the most democratic institution on earth", though it can lend no ear to a Socialism which has "wilfully departed from Christian ethics". Another article which may provide Labour with food for serious thought is Mrs. Anna Martin's on the Mother and Social Reform. The position of the wife in too many working-class homes is hardly to be distinguished from that of the indentured labour which offends the liberty-loving soul of the working man. "When one remembers the outcry about Kanaka labour in Queensland, the moral indignation over Chinese labour in South Africa, the more recent anxiety about the recruiting of British West Indian subjects for South America, one feels it is but little to the credit of the Labour Party that the legal conditions of English wife labour have never attracted its attention. Its

(Continued on page 592.)

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The following is a summary of the report referred to:—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The PREMIUMS received last year amounted to £1,244,464, showing an increase of £1,489 in comparison with those of the previous year.

The LOSSES amounted to £659,788, or 53.0 per cent. of the premiums.

The EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT (including commission to agents and charges of every kind) came to £468,406, or 37.7 per cent. of the premiums.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

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The TOTAL INCOME of the year from premiums was £280,379, and from interest £153,162 (less Income Tax).

The CLAIMS amounted to £254,419.

The EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT (including commission) were limited, in the Life Accounts to 10 per cent., and in the Endowment Account to 5 per cent. of the premiums received.

ANNUITY BRANCH.—The sum of £56,411 was received for annuities granted during the year.

The whole FUNDS of the Life Department now amount to £5,258,509.

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

The PREMIUMS received last year were £47,743 in the Employers' Liability Section, £6,284 in the Accident Section, and £20,930 in the General Section.

The report having been unanimously adopted, it was resolved: That the total amount to be distributed amongst the Shareholders for the year 1912 be £113,000, being interim dividend of 3s. per share (less Income Tax) and final dividend of 4s. per Share (less Income Tax) and bonus of 1s. per Share (less Income Tax).

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Copies of the report, with the whole accounts of the Company for the year 1912, may be obtained from any of the Company's offices or agencies.

leaders wax eloquent over the grievances of the sweated industrial female workers, but when the offending employers belong to their own class they are silent." Mr. Enever Todd replies at length and in heavy detail to Mr. Ellis Barker's recent article on the menace to Lancashire from America and Japan. He finds it quite impossible to believe that Japan will oust Lancashire from either China or India, and he argues that the value to Lancashire of protected Empire markets, like the value of a protected home market, is habitually over-estimated. We should say that, for all his figures, Mr. Todd habitually under-estimates the value of the trade which Preference would secure to the Empire. The "Fortnightly" eschews home politics this month, with the exception of a critical study of Mr. Lloyd George by the Rev. J. Vyrnwy Morgan. Mr. George's attributes, he finds, are peculiarly Welsh. "If his advent into the realm of British statesmanship taught anything, it taught, or rather emphasised, the truth that our common Empire is Anglo-Celtic, not Anglo-Saxon. His root power lies in a certain fund of aboriginal force—a purely Welsh force. Herein is the particular contribution of Wales to Imperial interests. It is to emphasise the ethical side of both home and foreign politics". The idea of Mr. George as an ethical force is surely a little far-fetched, especially in an article which shows how dexterous and unscrupulous he can be when thwarted. Quite another view of Mr. George is given by "Blackwood". "What Mr. George has always suffered from is an excess of virtue. The sins of others have ever been apparent to him". Some points from the Marconi inquiry given by "Blackwood" serve to throw Mr. George's special virtues into strong relief.

In the department of foreign affairs the Reviews are well supplied. The "Fortnightly" has articles on Germany's new sea and air policy, on M. Poincaré, on the future of Albania—who, Mr. Wadham Peacock tells us, will require to be saved from her friends no less than guarded from her enemies—and on England, Germany, and the Peace of Europe. Sir Max Waechter makes a strong plea for a propaganda which shall educate the two countries to a better understanding, and do something to relieve the crushing burden of militarism. With that end in view he is starting a European Federation League. Three articles in the "Nineteenth Century" set forth some problems of Government in Europe and Asia: Mr. J. W. Ozanne gives an intimate but rather gloomy picture of Austria, and urges that the cares of the Dual Monarchy have been considerably increased by the extraordinary success of the Balkan League; Mr. William Maxwell reviews the prospects of the Turks in Asia, and comes to the conclusion that as they have failed in Europe by centralisation and Ottomanisation they should try what a measure of real autonomy will do in Asia and Arabia; the Earl of Cromer discusses Mr. Bland's book on "Recent Events and Present Politics in China (1912)", and expresses an earnest hope that the diplomats and capitalists of Europe will "stand firm and insist on adequate financial control as a preliminary and essential condition to the advance of funds". Dr. Dillon in the "Contemporary", after a long review of the means by which the Powers avoided a conflict over the developments in South-Eastern Europe, says he thinks Bulgaria and Roumania will treat the Hapsburg Monarchy as their friend and "play the part of conservative element in South-Eastern Europe". Mr. Brailsford to an article on Albania and the Albanians has a postscript showing that without Scutari it would be impossible for Albania even to exist as a civilised State. "Blackwood" takes us back to Adrianople, and shows how Turkish mistakes in the defence arrangements led to its fall.

In the "British Review" Mr. Hilaire Belloc continues his suggestive articles on Fiscal Reform, and Mr. Cecil Chesterton, writing of "Israel a Nation", denies that he is an anti-Semite. The Viscount Middleton in the "Empire Review" writes, with a restraint which makes his words all the more serious, on the shortage in the Army and the unpreparedness of the country to face trouble abroad. He appeals to Ministers not to continue to palliate, to minimise and to obscure difficulties which they have not been able to avoid but which in his opinion constitute a grave national danger.

Mr. W. L. Courtney contributes the first of a series of articles to the "Fortnightly" on "Realistic Drama". This article is stuffed with good opinions; but to come at them it is, unhappily, necessary to push through a lot of shaky definition and false theory. Mr. Courtney uses the term realistic in the loose and indefensible way of the majority of modern critics who imagine it has something to do with imitation. The idealist, on the other hand, says Mr. Courtney, has a different aim—not to paint life as he sees it, but as he thinks it ought to be. This last assertion is false of any artist who ever lived. But Mr. Courtney's theories are neither here nor there. He would scarcely claim to be

an expert in metaphysical æsthetic. His opinions as to individual plays and people matter infinitely more; and here he is suggestive and usually right. We have read few estimates of Robertson and his place in English drama so fair and true as Mr. Courtney's, and we shall wait with some interest for his views on the later men—Mr. Shaw and Mr. Galsworthy. We hope, too, Mr. Courtney will not overlook the work of Harkin, though he will be hard pressed to fit him to his definitions. Harkin's method was realistic; but he was an artist and a critic. He knew quite well that it was his intention neither to imitate life nor to paint it as he thought it ought to be.

The "English Review" contains this month Mr. Bernard Shaw's dramatic study—"Overruled". We are of the same opinion after reading as after seeing it. It adds not a jot to the sum of Mr. Shaw's contribution to the English stage. It is repetition. Mr. Shaw is not tired of the ideas we know so well; and the repetition is good fun. But the energy of a man with a revelation to make has gone out of these ideas about love and marriage and companionship that delighted us so keenly in "Man and Superman", less keenly in "Getting Married", even less keenly in "Misalliance" and "Overruled". Nevertheless Mr. Shaw's contribution brightens the "English Review" to the point of easily outshining its rivals this month, even though the contents do a little remind us of the variety programmes where so much money is spent upon the star-turn that the rest had far better be silence.

In the "Church Quarterly" is a review, by the editor, of "Foundations", all the more searching and effective because sympathetic. Dr. Headlam agrees with the estimate of the SATURDAY REVIEW on Mr. Temple's work in that book; "he clearly has little or no first-hand knowledge of the subject [Christology]; he is entirely dependent on Harnack"; Mr. Temple should take to heart Bishop Stubbs' stern warning to his Ordination candidates, not to "quote familiarly fathers and commentators whom you have never read". In New Testament criticism, Schweitzer still seems to set the fashion; he has written a book on S. Paul, and so everybody else writes on S. Paul too. Dr. Headlam, in another article, notices no fewer than seven recent books on the subject. In Old Testament criticism we have only one review, and that all too short, by Professor Nairne, upon Dr. Hamilton's striking book, "The People of God". Mr. F. C. Morehouse contributes an interesting account of Trinity Parish, New York, a corporation which holds, and administers for the public good, property of greater value than does any other Church in the world. In philosophy, Eucken seems now to dominate the thinking world, and Dr. Caldecott has given an intelligible and perhaps too laudatory account of his system.

The "Law Quarterly" is especially rich in notes on practical points of law founded on decisions in the Courts. Mr. Strachan's previous articles on the Income-tax Acts in their economic and legal aspects, and the present one on capital and income under these Acts, will doubtless be read with interest by readers of the previous articles. Two Academic articles, one on "The Recent Controversy about Nexum", a lecture at All Souls' College, Oxford, by Professor F. D. Zulzeta, the other a lecture on "Judicial Records" before the Law Faculty of London University by the editor, make accessible what would not easily be met with elsewhere. "Some Anomalies and Shortcomings of Lunacy Law", by T. H. Holt-Hughes and Wm. H. Gallie, treats in unsensational style some defects in the law. "Lawyers' Merriments" is a review of Dr. Murray's book, and both book and review contain much to amuse even lay readers.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1er Mai.

In a fascinating article M. Robert de la Sizeranne discusses the contradiction which he finds in David's paintings. David, he argues, had his principles of art, and when he applied them produced feeble pictures. But when his genius ran away with him and he contradicted his own laws of art, he gave the world a masterpiece. There could be no better instance of the superiority of artistic instinct over artistic reason. M. de la Sizeranne finds his explanation in the fact that David's reason misled him. In his reaction against the artificiality of Boucher and his school he should have turned to nature. Instead he turned to Greek models, and thus endeavoured to apply to painting rules proper for sculpture. On the historical side the "Revue" is as illuminating as usual. M. Daudet publishes excerpts from the diary of Count Rudolph Apponyi, who served in Paris in Louis Philippe's time. The diarist brings out the constant anxiety under which the July Monarchy existed, in spite of its parade of bourgeois placidity, and helps us to understand how it was that the old King threw up the sponge so easily at the last.

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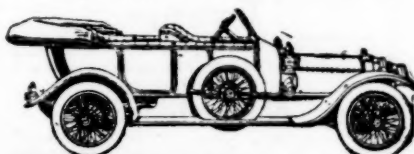
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NATIONAL
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EDITED BY L. J. MAXSE

CONTENTS MAY 1913.

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The Great Marconi Mystery:

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Prefatory

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- II. Coalition Bombardiers
- III. A Near Shave
- IV. The Action against "Le Matin"
- V. Divergent Plaintiffs
- VI. Coalition Volte-face
- VII. "Moral Turpitude"
- VIII. A Solid Cabinet
- IX. Back to the Marconi Committee
- X. A Mystery within a Mystery
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- XIII. Another Revelation
- XIV. Gambling or Investment?
- XV. Mr Lloyd George at Bay
- XVI. "Well, Sir, I have done"

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10 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.**ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.**

THE Annual General Meeting of proprietors of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company was held on 7 May, Sir Owen Philipps, K.C.M.G. (the Chairman of the Company), presiding.

The Chairman, after sympathetic reference to the deaths of Mr. Spencer Curtis (a director for thirty-four years) and the late secretary, Mr. Davis, said it was rather over ten years since he became Chairman of the company, and during that time the trade of the country had fluctuated considerably; but during the whole period, with very slight exception, the progress of the company's business had been steadily upward, and the results fully justified the policy of the board. The aim of the directors had been as far as possible to avoid doing anything sensational. They had placed effective vessels on the various routes in which the company was interested, and they had been gradually building up the business with the firm intention of extending the influence of that historic company, which influence was now practically world-wide. He mentioned last year that their working expenses had increased, and he had to report a further increase during the year 1912. The price of coal had risen, wages had risen, and strikes and other labour troubles had caused extra expenditure. But notwithstanding those drawbacks the profits of last year had enabled the court of directors to provide for full depreciation of the fleet and plant of the company, to strengthen the reserve funds, and to recommend to them the payment of a dividend of 6 per cent. for the year 1912 as compared with 5 per cent. in 1911 and 4 per cent. for 1910. The Chairman continued: The steamers directly owned by this company consumed last year considerably over half a million tons of coal, and you may be interested to know that the average price we paid for the coal was 2s. 5½d. per ton more than we paid in 1911. During the period covered by the report the West Indies generally suffered from drought, which prejudicially affected the exports. This, however, need only be regarded as a temporary set-back, and I can say with confidence that, taken all round, these colonies are now more prosperous than they have been for many years past. It is worthy of note in this connection that the total trade of the British West Indies is now valued at over £20,000,000, as compared with £16,000,000 ten years ago. We have placed an order with Messrs. Workman, Clark & Co. for two new passenger steamers of the most up-to-date and improved type for the West India route, which I trust will tend still further to develop the tourist traffic with those islands, to which that old-established but energetic body, the West India Committee, are constantly calling attention. A reciprocal trade agreement, based on a mutual preference of 20 per cent., was arrived at last year between most of the British West Indian Colonies and Canada. When this is ratified, as it will probably be by Canada in the near future, it will divert a good deal of trade to the Dominion. This will, however, probably be at the expense of foreign countries rather than at that of the United Kingdom, for it must be remembered that the preference given by the West Indies to Canada will be extended to the British Empire generally, and shippers from this country should not therefore be prejudiced. The Canadian Government recently called for tenders for an improved steamship service between the Dominion and the West Indies. We were anxious, if possible, to meet their views in this matter, and offered to supply an improved service at a subsidy which would have left a very small margin of profit. The Canadian Government, however, could not see their way to pay a subsidy which would justify us providing an improved service, nor could they see their way to limit the preference on goods imported into Canada to those goods which were imported through Canadian ports only, which would have ensured the steamers obtaining full cargoes, so that negotiations broke down, and the Government have extended the arrangements at present existing for a further twelve months. He moved the adoption of the report and accounts and payment of the dividends.

Mr. Alfred B. Williams (Deputy Chairman) seconded the resolution. In reply to questions the Chairman specially commented on the importance of mails being carried more rapidly to South America. When the British Government and the Argentine and Brazilian Governments were prepared to join together and pay properly for services rendered, the Royal Mail Company would be quite prepared to provide boats to run at whatever speed the trade and the subsidy warranted.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

VAN DEN BERGHS.**A RECORD YEAR.**

Tax eighteenth ordinary general meeting of Van den Berghs (Limited) was held yesterday, Sir Herbert Praed (the Chairman) presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, said that in the past year a large expansion of trade had been experienced in nearly every branch of the industrial world, and he was happy to say that the particular sphere in which their Company was engaged had been no exception. It was gratifying to be in a position to inform them that the production of their various factories had been far in excess of that of any previous year, and the results accruing therefrom were amply reflected in the profits shown in the accounts. He was pleased to be able to congratulate them on the attainment of such eminently satisfactory results, inasmuch as they were by far the highest figures ever reached in both respects in the history of the Company. The general impression made upon the directors was that the prejudice against the use of margarine which existed in the past had to a great extent been overcome. This commodity, which was the mainstay of the Company's business, was gaining in popularity every day, and the public now recognised more and more that it was a valuable and wholesome article of diet. The prices of the raw materials used in its manufacture had fluctuated greatly during the year, and, generally speaking, they had ruled a good deal higher than last year. As, however, the directors had secured a good stock on the most advantageous terms, they were in a position to supply the Company's customers without any increase in price. This achievement had been very much appreciated by the customers, the number of whom had grown to gigantic proportions. The directors had been content to make small profits on the almost countless transactions with this vast army of purchasers, and it was by this aggregation of units that the satisfactory total placed before them had been arrived at. The policy of advertising outlined last year had been fully vindicated by the results attained. The increase in the Company's trade had, however, not been confined to the margarine branches, but had also been experienced in connection with the condensed milk business. The four factories which the Company was working had each shown an enlarged output, and this in itself was an indication of the regular standard of quality which had been supplied, and the approval it had met with. During the year the Dutch Company for the Exploitation of Margarine Factories (with which they were intimately connected) made an issue of capital under their guarantee, and that company had also experienced a year of great prosperity, and the profit accruing therefrom to the Company had materially assisted in increasing their total profits. The oil factories about which he spoke last year had treated huge quantities of raw materials, all of which had been used for their own manufactures, and these had not only been of material service to them in the carrying on of their business, but had also contributed largely to the uniformity of the articles manufactured by them. The profit for the year, before providing for depreciations, directors' remuneration, &c., amounted to £345,375, being £38,704 more than the amount shown last year. There was an amount of £460,530 available for distribution, of which sum the preference dividend and the interim dividend paid on the ordinary shares, together with the £8000 carried to contingency account, had absorbed £87,250, leaving a balance of £373,280 to be dealt with. It was now proposed to apply this as follows: To accrued proportion of preference dividend to 31 December 1912, £9000; carried to reserve fund, £20,343, bringing that fund up to £311,358; dividend at the rate of 40 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares for the six months ended 31 December last, £125,000; leaving an undivided balance of £228,936 to be carried forward to the current year's account, this being £18,838 more than last year's carry-forward. He would here mention that if they put the amounts of the reserve fund and the balance carried forward together they got a total of no less than £530,296.

The report was adopted unanimously.

CALLENDER'S CABLE & CONSTRUCTION.**CONTINUED EXPANSION.**

Tax Seventeenth Ordinary General Meeting of Callender's Cable and Construction Company, Limited, was held on Thursday, Sir J. Fortescue Flannery, Bart., M.P., M.Inst.C.E. (Chairman of the company), presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, referred to the great loss which the company had sustained by the death of Mr. Henry Drake. Besides being their chairman for many years Mr. Drake was one of the founders of the company in its more recent constitution, and his services to the shareholders had been of the greatest value. The accounts would, he believed, be considered satisfactory by all, and the figures would have been even more satisfactory but for labour troubles, which had affected this company's operations in common with those of every other industrial concern throughout the country. Last year they turned out more work than in any preceding year, he thought, in the company's history. Some of it was at competitive prices leaving little or no margin of profit; some of it was at competitive prices which did leave something like a living profit. Taking it all round, however, the result had been better than the company had ever had previously. This applied to the Erith works, where they manufactured heavy cables, and also to the Lancashire works, where they produced rubber goods and somewhat lighter articles generally. The balance at the credit of profit and loss for 1912 amounted to £97,000, as compared with £77,000 in the preceding year. The amount which they brought in in 1911 from 1910 was £40,000, but they brought in at the commencement of 1912 a sum of £58,000. The balance of profit and loss on the past year's working, added to the amount brought in from the preceding year, came to the very substantial sum of £155,000. From that they had to deduct the standing charges, debenture interest, preference dividend, and so forth, including depreciation and a special charge for the flotation of the Callender's Share and Investment Trust, leaving a balance of £119,000, as compared with the balance of £84,000 last year. After dealing with the dividend as set forth in the report, it was proposed to carry forward no less than £91,700, against £58,000 a year ago, being an increase of 50 per cent. During the past year they had had the same skill and indefatigable attention given to the interests of the company by their managing director, Mr. Tom Callender, and his two associates, Mr. Petersen and Mr. James Callender, as they had enjoyed in the past. Their managing director made a journey to India in the interests of the company, and although they were sorry to lose him from the home business, they were glad to find that he had left behind him such very efficient substitutes in his two colleagues. Four months of the new year had elapsed—too short a time in which to be certain of the results that would accrue in 1913; but, so far as they could judge, their prospects were excellent. They were full of orders, which had been received from the widest range—from customers at home, in the Colonies, and abroad—and he hoped that the next balance-sheet would be as good as the present one.

Mr. T. O. Callender (Managing Director) seconded the motion. The past year had been one of great anxiety, but fortunately they had a very large amount of work. They were extending the business on every side. Only a few minutes before attending the meeting he had had a consultation with one of their engineers who returned on the previous day from Switzerland, where he had been testing cables which the company had recently supplied. It was interesting to note that this was the first occasion, so far as they could ascertain, that any English firm had done such work in that country. In addition, their Continental business in various parts of Germany, Belgium, Spain, and elsewhere, as well as their business in the Colonies and in South America, had been a large and increasing one.

The resolution was carried unanimously without discussion, and the proposed dividend at the rate of 10 per cent., with a bonus of 5s. per share, making 15 per cent. for the past year, was also agreed to.

The Company below mentioned will acquire the whole of the Shares (except three) in a Company owning Oil Properties now producing an estimated net income exceeding £24,000 per annum.

On account of the growing demand for Oil the intrinsic value of PRODUCING OIL PROPERTIES in Oklahoma has increased Cent. per Cent. during the past TWO YEARS.

Crude Oil was selling at 43 cents per barrel April 1911. To-day's price, 88 cents. per barrel.

OFFER FOR SALE OF FULLY-PAID SHARES IN THE

MELISSA HILL OIL COMPANY, Ltd.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

CAPITAL - - - £150,000,

Divided into Shares of £1 each.

150,000 FULLY-PAID £1 SHARES ARE NOW OFFERED FOR SALE AT PAR

By JAMES SCHRADER & COMPANY, LTD., the Vendors, of Finsbury House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.

Payments for the Shares must be made as follows:—Deposit, 2s. 6d. per Share; Instalment payable on acceptance, 5s. per Share; Instalment payable 31st May, 1913, 5s. per Share; Instalment payable 30th June, 1913, 7s. 6d. The full purchase price of the Shares may be paid at any time prior to the due date of the instalments under discount at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. The Shares will on payment of the full purchase price be transferred to or registered in the name of the purchasers free of cost to them for transfer fees or otherwise.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

OBJECTS.—The above-named Company, The Melissa Hill Oil Company, Limited, has been incorporated to operate and further develop certain oil-producing properties, comprising about 760 acres, situated in Nowata and Washington counties, in the State of Oklahoma, U.S.A. 370 acres are held under freehold title in respect of which no royalty is payable, and 390 acres are leasehold subject to a royalty of 12½ per cent. The titles to the properties are vested in the Chinowa Oil Company, incorporated in Oklahoma, and all the shares therein (with the exception of three) are or will be owned by the Company.

PROPERTIES.—The description of the properties is as follows:—

NAME	Royalty.	Acreage.	No. of Wells.	Age of Wells, Years.	Average Daily Production, Barrels.	No. of Drilling Locations.
Melissa—Leasehold	12½%	80	2	2	101.58	6
Panhandle—Leasehold	12½%	100	15	4	35.00	4
Flora—Leasehold	12½%	20	4	2	12.00	—
Jake Metzler—Freehold	None	60	22	3	87.33	—
McConnell—Leasehold	12½%	30	12	3	42.33	—
The Gaston Oil Co.—Leasehold	12½%	160	11	3	6.66	18
The Riley Property—Freehold	None	290	1	4	18.00	60
Bartlesville Property—Freehold	None	50	15	1	130.00	—
Totals		760	82		424.91	88

The total acreage is 760 acres, having at present 82 producing wells, showing an average daily production of 424.91 barrels, also 88 locations available for drilling. The statements relating to the properties are based upon the reports of Mr. Carden Green, M.E., the well-known American oil expert, who has examined the whole of the properties, and of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Company, Auditors (St. Louis), who have investigated the statements of the production of the Panhandle, Flora, Jake Metzler, McConnell, and Gaston Oil properties for the period from November 1, 1911, to January 31, 1913. Extracts from the above reports are herewith, and the reports themselves are open to inspection as below stated. (Note.—The Melissa, Riley, and Bartlesville properties were purchased subsequently to Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Company's investigation.)

All the properties are fully equipped with the necessary operating and drilling machinery, such as engines, boilers, bunk houses for labourers, storage tanks of a capacity of 6,000 barrels, and 90,000 feet of pipe lines, connections having been made from each well with the storage tanks.

The wells have what is termed a settled production, and, compared with the gauge statistics of other older wells in the immediate vicinity, this production should continue at least 15 years without material decrease.

When the 88 new wells are completed, the average production should be at least doubled, thereby giving an annual earning-power of more than 30 per cent. on the capital of the Company.

The usual pipe-line facilities are available for the disposal and sale of oil, the properties being directly connected with the pipe-line system. The present price of crude oil in Oklahoma is 88 cents per barrel. During March 1911 the price of crude oil was only 43 cents per barrel. It is confidently anticipated that the price of oil will shortly increase to at least \$1 per barrel.

The oil from the Melissa property is being sold at 6 cents premium per barrel above the current market price, and the oil from the Panhandle, the Jake Metzler, and the McConnell properties is purchased by the Cudahy Refining Company at 5 cents per barrel premium above the current market price on account of its high gasoline qualities (vide report). The production of the other properties is being sold at the current market price per barrel.

REVENUE.—Taking the average production 101.58 barrels (Melissa) per day at 94 cents per barrel for 300 working days, it gives an income of 28,645.56 dollars, say ... £5,906
Taking 164.664 barrels (Panhandle, Jake Metzler, and McConnell) per day at 83 cents per barrel for 300 working days, it gives an income of 40,941.97 dollars, say ... 9,472
Taking 158.661 barrels (Flora, Gaston, Riley, and Bartlesville) per day at 88 cents per barrel for 300 working days, it gives an income of 41,887.98 dollars, say ... 8,636

Total earnings ... £24,014

On the subject of natural gas Mr. Carden Green in his report says: "I find also that the casing head gas is being sold for gasoline purposes from tracts Nos. 1, 3, and 4 at 3 cents per thousand cubic feet. All of the properties can be connected so as to increase the income from this source sufficiently to produce an income equal to the cost of the actual operating expense of these properties." Hereafter, as will be seen from the report, large quantities have been allowed to escape from the "gas caps," which, if controlled, could be utilised at a considerable profit.

ESTIMATED ANNUAL PROFITS.—On account of the high pressure of natural gas which is usual in this field, thus forcing the oil to the surface, a well may produce many thousands of barrels of oil each day for a short time. After the production "settles down" the well is then termed a "settled producer" for the owner can depend upon a certain number of barrels each day from that well for at least 15 years.

In arriving at an estimate of future earnings the directors do not count upon a "gusher" production, but base their estimate only

upon doubling the present production, which should, based upon the present price of oil in Oklahoma, give a total annual earning of £48,028, which is equal to more than 30 per cent. per annum upon the capital of the Company. This should be considerably exceeded when the price of oil increases.

PURCHASE CONSIDERATION.—Under the Contract for Sale, hereinafter mentioned, the purchase consideration payable to the vendors, James Schrader and Company, Limited, by whom the present offer is made, is £150,000, which is payable in fully paid shares; but the vendors have the right to subscribe at par for this number of shares or any less number, and receive payment in cash in respect of such consideration to the extent of the shares so subscribed and paid for.

WORKING CAPITAL.—Under the same Contract for Sale the vendors agree to provide the Company with £20,000 working capital, which amount is considered ample, as no payments will have to be made thereout in respect of the preliminary expenses, the latter being entirely paid by the vendors. The cost of drilling new wells, owing to the fact that the Company owns its drilling plants, averages only about £220 per well, and as there are 88 locations to be drilled it will be seen the sum of £20,000 will be sufficient for all purposes.

The directors of the Company have informed the vendors that they contemplate establishing a sinking fund with a view to the entire capital of the Company being written off within ten years.

TITLES.—The Chinowa Oil Company was formed as a local holding Company, as the laws of the State of Oklahoma preclude any foreign Company owning and operating properties in the State. The title deeds and leases to the properties are vested in the Chinowa Oil Company, but all of the capital stock of that Company, with the exception of three shares held in Oklahoma in order to conform to the local Company Laws, are the property of the Melissa Hill Oil Company, Limited.

The title of the Chinowa Oil Company to the properties has been investigated and found to be valid and free from encumbrances.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Melissa Hill Oil Company, Limited, and of the above-mentioned contract, and the originals of the reports mentioned above, can be seen at the offices of the vendors between the hours of 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.

It is intended to apply to the Committee of the London Stock Exchange for a special settlement in the shares of the Company.

The present offer of shares is being made by James Schrader and Company, Limited, Finsbury House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C., by whom this statement or prospectus and the accompanying extracts are issued.

Application for Shares should be made on the accompanying form and forwarded to James Schrader and Company, Limited, above mentioned, with the required deposit.

Forms of application can be obtained at the Offices of James Schrader and Company, Limited.

Dated May 7, 1913.

The Directors, &c., of the Melissa Hill Oil Company, Limited, are as follows:—

DIRECTORS.

WALTER SCOTT LEEFE (Chairman), Director De Dion-Bouton (1907) Company, Limited, 23 Coleman Street, London, E.C.

HENRY S. ISELIN, Banker, 34 Rue de Chateaudun, Paris.

HENRY FULTON (Director Sevenoaks and District Electricity Company, Limited), "Lisburn" Sevenoaks.

CHARLES PERCY HURDITCH (Kellogg Oil Company, Los Angeles, California), 4 Grove Hill Road, Champion Hill, London, S.E.

ADVISORY BOARD IN AMERICA.

JESSE B. LEVY, Tulsa, Oklahoma, Oil Operator.

JAMES A. BEARMAN, Tulsa, Oklahoma, Oil Operator.

L. T. TRYON, Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, Director of Citizens' National Bank.

CONSULTING ENGINEER.

CARDEN GREEN, M.E., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICE.

EDWARD DELPIT, Finsbury House, Blomfield Street, E.C.

OFFER FOR SALE OF SHARES IN

THE MELISSA HILL OIL COMPANY, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.)

FORM OF APPLICATION.

To JAMES SCHRADER AND COMPANY, LIMITED, No.
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Gentlemen,—Having paid to you the sum of £..... being a deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share upon Shares of £1 each in the above-named Company, I hereby request that you will sell to me that number of Shares, and I hereby agree to accept and pay for the same, or any lesser number that you may sell to me, upon the terms of the offer dated May 7, 1913.

("S.R.")

Name (in full)

Address (in full)

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